

PUBLIC



LEDGER

WEEKLY REPUBLICAN-1867.
DAILY PUBLIC LEDGER-1868.

MAYSVILLE, KY., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1912.

ONE COPY—ONE CENT.



A man is like the moth that flies
Around the flame in reckless mimes;
do not try to put him wise—
He thinks he's having a good time.

Sardinian correspondent of The Mayfield
says J. H. Houk will locate in
Maysville.

Charles Weigle, who conducted ser-
vices throughout the recent Penn Grove Camp-
meeting, is dead.

Ira Warren of Aberdeen has accepted the
principalship of the Sardinian Public Schools and
will take charge next Monday.

Clarksville Defeats Frankfort

The Clarksville, Tenn., club of the Kappa
League was the champion of the Class D.
League by defeating Frankfort, having won
four out of the six games played.



LET UNCLE SAM
GIVE YOU THE FACTS

Government reports show the steady
output of coal during the last few
years has made the dealers push for
wider markets. We are going to get
more trade—your trade—by giving
you a greater value for your money.
You will never get out of debt unless
you buy wisely.

MAYSVILLE COAL CO.

PHONE 142.

When needing dental work call on Cartmel

AN ATTRACTIVE FRONT DOOR
ADDS SEVERAL TIMES ITS COST
TO THE VALUE OF A HOUSE

We have a large stock to select from and the prices
are within your reach. Remember we carry all kinds
of lumber and a big stock of rubber and asphalt
roofing.

OHIO RIVER LUMBER CO.,
UNION STREET, NEAR SECOND.

In the Market For a
WHEAT DRILL

Then Our "New Peoria" Is What You Want

It has perfect working discs, fitted with dust proof chilled
bearings, single draw bars that will not gather trash, staggard
spoke wheels with 7-inch hub and 3-inch tires, continuous rear
bar with truss rod to support seat and keep drill from sagging,
direct pressure in rear of disc; a feature we claim will make
this drill work perfectly in any land suitable for sowing grain
and where other drills cannot be operated. A seat in center
of drill convenient to lever is also furnished. Drop in and let
us show you what this drill can do, and furnish you with the
names of a score of satisfied users. One feature of our drill
that puts it in a class by itself and makes it superior to all
other drills on the market is the "Peoria Disc Shoe." You
won't find the disc shoe on any other press drill on earth, the
Peoria people have that feature cinched and they are going to
hang on to it. If you want to know why we can grow more
wheat to the acre after this drill than any other with the same
amount of grain sown, come in and let us explain to you the
"New Peoria Disc Shoe Drill."

We Have Just Gotten in a Full Stock of
Fine Baling Wire

Mike Brown
THE SQUARE DEAL MAN

Mr. Alfred M. Sattler of Moransburg is on
the sick list for a few days, but is somewhat
better.

Miss Margaret Hunter of Huntington, W.
Va., is the guest of Miss Nannie Thompson of
East Third street.

A force of sixty linemen of the C. & O.
Railroad are rebuilding the railroad telephone
lines from Huntington to Cincinnati.

BEERS COMMANDER

Grand Army Veterans End Los
Angeles Encampment

LOS ANGELES, CAL., September 13th.—Judge
Alfred D. Baars of Bridgeport, Conn., was
elected commander in chief of the Grand Army
of the Republic at the closing session of the
encampment here today. Selection of the
next meeting place was left to the executive
council. Other officers chosen were:

Senior Vice Commander—Henry Z. Osborne
of Los Angeles.

Junior Vice Commander—America Whead-
on of Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Geraldine E. Frishy of San Mateo, Cal.,
was named President of the Woman's Relief
Corps.

OLIVES OF ALL KINDS!

Prices range from 10c a bottle up. Our Olive trade is one of our
hobbies. Come in and let us show you the biggest, best lot you ever saw.

Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar.

GEISEL & CONRAD.

Phone 43.

FOR SALE

1 GROCERY DELIVERY WAGON
1 RUBBER TIRE BUGGY.
1 STEEL TIRE BUGGY.

At a bargain. Come on and see how cheap I will
sell all three of them.

J. C. CABLISH

LUMBER and MILL WORK!

The best that can be had. Come and inspect our stock
and tell us your requirements. It will be a pleasure for us
to explain the quality and suggest the best for your
purpose. We will save you money. A trial and you will
be convinced. Our stock is complete and your order filled
in haste. In the heart of the city.

THE MASON LUMBER CO.

Incorporated.
Cor. Limestone and Second Streets. 'Phone 519.
Agents for Deering Machinery. Maysville, Ky.
A. A. McLAUGHLIN. L. N. BEHAN.

UNION MADE
HAND MADE
BEST MADE

Golden Glory

"GLORIOUSLY GOOD!"

POWER & DAULTON
CIGAR CO.
MAKERS
MAYSVILLE, KY.

DR. J. L. WYLIE

Mr. Louis Hotze, one of our good citizens,
is quite sick at his home above town.

DR. TRACY'S LECTURE

Fine Audience Out Last Evening to
Hear Illustrated Temperance
Talk

Dr. Tracy's illustrated temperance lecture
last night at the Third Street M. E. Church drew
a fair sized audience notwithstanding the
many other attractions in the city.

The speaker called upon the clergy of
Maysville to assist him in stirring up a
moral awakening, which he declares Maysville
needs at present.

The Doctor's lecture was high-class, while
the temperance object lessons thrown on the
canvas were vivid and soul stirring.

LOVELY MEETING

Woman's Club Reception to
Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Smith

Smith a Beau-
tiful Affair.

Occasion a Worthy Tribute to a
Brilliant Woman

The Public Library last evening was the
scene of a delightful reception and social
function given by the Mason County Women's Club
in honor of Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Smith,
the bandosme and talented President of the
Kentucky Federation of Women's Clubs.

Mrs. Smith was the guest of Mrs. Stanley
Forman Reed, President of the local Women's Club,
while in Maysville.

This distinguished lady is a niece of
Governor McCrory and is now the quasi-
mistress of the executive mansion at Frankfort,
her excellency being a widow; therefore
Mrs. Smith is the first woman in Kentucky,
and right well does she deserve that honor
both in looks and intellect.

Last night before a brilliant assemblage of
over a hundred members of the Mason County
Women's Club, Mrs. Smith made her initial
appearance here as the titular head of the
State organization of women and she was most
cordially greeted and welcomed to Mason county
and to Maysville. She was introduced by
Mrs. Reed in a few appropriate remarks and
she then addressed her most appreciative audi-
ence, her subject being: "The Purpose and Plan
of the Kentucky Federation of Women's Clubs."

Mrs. Smith is a pleasing speaker, charmingly
at ease and overflowing with native wit and
simplicity of style, which captured her hearers.

She speaks for the entire womanhood of
Kentucky, and in unfolding the plan and pur-
pose of the women's organization, her prin-
cipal and leading thought is the elevation of
woman, the child and the home. It is good to
see such intelligent effort made in our state
for the emancipation of women from the hor-
rors of drudgery, ignorance and monotony,
which has and is wearing away the lives of
hundreds of millions of the female sex.

The women of Kentucky must be taught
the right way to live to bring them all the
higher and easier enjoyments which are theirs
by the grace of God, and assistance of man and
helping voice and hand of the women who
already know how to live.

Mrs. Smith's talk was a gem of good and
clustering points as those who were there and
gave careful attention to her remarks will
fully agree.

Miss Jessie O. Yancey then spoke briefly of
the grand work being done in Kentucky for
the conservation of children's eyesight.

The beautiful color, "The Holy City" and
"Ninety and Nine," will be sung and illustrated,
closing with the grand transformation scenes
from the "Rock of Ages."

A silver offering will be taken at the door to
help meet expenses.

Subject, "The Footsteps of the Prodigal Son, or Man's Responsibility
to His Brother Man"

Sunday night, September 15th, at the Third
Street M. E. Church, Dr. N. W. Tracy will de-
liver his celebrated illustrated sermon, "The
Footsteps of the Prodigal Son, or Man's Re-
sponsibility to His Brother Man."

One of the strongest pleas for "human sym-
pathy" ever delivered from an American pulpit.
The parable is illustrated in pantomime from
beginning to end; 75 spectacular tableaux.

The beautiful color, "The Holy City" and
"Ninety and Nine," will be sung and illustrated,
closing with the grand transformation scenes
from the "Rock of Ages."

A silver offering will be taken at the door to
help meet expenses.

Miss Lida Berry, pianist, Miss Amy Kling,
vocalist, and Mr. Robert Strange, violinist,
charmed all with their exquisite conditions.

Following the reception to Mrs. Smith at
the close of the gathering, very delicious re-
freshments were served by Trexel.

Prices range from 10c a bottle up. Our Olive trade is one of our
hobbies. Come in and let us show you the biggest, best lot you ever saw.

Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar.

GEISEL & CONRAD.

Phone 43.

GEISEL & CONRAD.

PUBLIC LEDGER

Cider Vinegar!

And the very best of SPICES for pickling.

Demonstration National Biscuit Co.'s Goods Saturday.

DINGER & FREUND

LEADING RETAILERS,
MARKET STREET.

WEATHER REPORT

RAIN TODAY, COOLER; SUNDAY
CLEARING AND COOLER.

Rev. J. Ralph Combs and wife left this
morning for their new charge with the M. E.
Church, South, at Bloomfield, Ky. Rev. Combs
is a Godly man and the departure of this
young couple from Maysville is a loss to our
moral element.

Young Walker Awarded Cup

Master H. M. Walker of Rectorville, this
county, has the distinction of winning the first
premium, the handsome silver cup offered by
the American Saddle Horse Breeders' Association
in the students judging contest of three and five
gaited saddle horses, at the State Fair at
Louisville this week. Under the rules he will
have to win the cup again before it becomes his
property. His knowledge of how to judge
a horse was remarkable, so the judges stated.

TWO SPECIALS!

POUND BAR PURE:
CASTILE SOAP: :: :: :: :: 15 Cents

Armour's Extra High Quality
Toilet Soap, While They Last :: :: 5 Cents

M. F. WILLIAMS & CO. "Big Drugstore With
the Little Price."

D. HECHINGER & CO.

OUR ENTIRE LINE OF 1912 AND 1913

FALL STOCK

In now ready for your inspection. All we desire to say in this "Ad." is, we have provided for the needs
of the multitude. Splendid Wearing Suits for the economical, \$7.50 to \$10. For the more lavish dresser,
young man an elegant line of Suits, comprising the newest colorings and fabrics made in English, Semi-
English and Norfolk models, \$18 to \$20.

Our College Brand Clothes are the acme of the highest art productions—\$22.50 to \$28.50.

Stetson, Knox and Imperial Fall Hats in the latest shapes and colors.

Try on an Eagle Cap; they are very chic and will be very popular.

"Boys School Suits at big reduction."

D. HECHINGER & CO. Maysville's Leading Clothing and
Shoe Shop.

Now is Your Chance

Regular meeting of Maysville Council No.
1377, K. of C., Sunday at 2:30 o'clock p.m.
A full attendance desired.

THOMAS W. BREEN, G. K.
John McAnliffe, Secretary.

Good Man

Mr. John Roper, who gave excellent service
as umpire in the Blue Grass League the past
season, has been tendered a similar position
in the Southern League for the season of 1913.

Hair-Dressing Helps.

If you are looking for hairpins so perfectly finished
their smooth polished surface cannot pull the
finest hair nor hurt the most tender head you will be
delighted with the pretty square top, three inch long
shell pins we sell for 25c a dozen. Carefully packed
in a neat box. Hairpins not only for convenience
and comfort but pretty enough to also be classed
ornamental. Amber and tortoise.

Steel hairpins are also finding much favor with
careful dressers. 10c a package.

Pretty new Barrettes have just arrived. 25c, 50c.

The new Forward Combs are 10c and 25c.

1852

HUNT'S

1912

SPECIAL For Saturday

One lot of Waists, including some Roy-
als, worth up to \$2, choice 50c.

One lot of Waists 39c.

One lot of Waists 25c.

RIBBONS

One lot of Ribbons, worth up to 25c,
choice 10c. This is a great purchase by our
Mr. A. L. Merz in New

PUBLIC LEDGER.

A. F. CURRAN, Publisher.
MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY

After all, a pennant is only a flag.

Dictating is the latest addition to the English vocabulary.

If you are in favor of pajamas, as against nighties, tell it to the marines.

Man's best friend at present is the electric fan. It is better even than a snowbank.

If Boston wins the American league pennant baked beans will become the national dish.

A Philadelphia policeman is going into vaudeville. Going to do a sleep-walking act, probably.

What a happy little world this would be if we could only shovel snow in the summer time.

Speaking of civilization, Chinese women once crippled their feet but never wore tight skirts.

A Missouri woman has written a book with her toes. Probably it was made up from footnotes.

The letter-carrier will be glad when the vacation season with its flood of foolish post cards is over.

An aviator fell 200 feet without being hurt, but this is no proof that aviation is being made safer.

If a lobster is "not an animal," what is it? You can't classify it either as a vegetable or as a mineral.

A Long Island woman eloped the other day with a liverymen. We supposed liverymen had become obsolete.

Eat six times a day, if you want to be healthy, says a New York doctor, but not if you would be wealthy, too.

Man in Vienna shot himself because three girls were in love with him. He was loved not wisely, but too well.

Farmer in Ohio says he owns a cat with three heads. Think of listening in the silly night to a cat with three voices.

Woman in New York has left all her money to her lawyer, probably on the theory that he would get it anyhow.

The recent death of the 185 year old Mexican must have been a happy one. Think of living 185 years in Mexico!

Man in Indiana ate a gallon of ice cream at a single sitting. All of which goes to show how easy it is to break a record.

A New York woman says she loves her horses better than she does her husband. Probably she doesn't drive them as hard.

The fear that the price of shavers may be fixed under the patent law need not alarm. There is no law against whiskers.

However, perhaps we ought to be glad that the girls are showing a tendency to wear their own hair in fascinating little bunches.

Archaeologists in Asia have run across remains of a nation that once worshiped the peacock. But the peacock, in all his glory, was not arrayed as one of these up-to-date damsels.

A scientist says that Cleopatra would, if now alive, be put in a lunatic asylum, but she might put the lunatic there first.

The mayor of Boston says that women know less about flying than men. They know more, because few of them are doing it.

"If you want to be beautiful, do your own washing," says one of the doctors. Most women will prefer the drug store brand of beauty.

A cow up York state is said to have caught a fish with her tail, which wants to fish with a cow? Fawny casting a cow in a trout stream.

Woman up state wants a divorce because her husband insists on talking politics. This comes under the head of cruel and inhuman treatment.

Theaters without orchestras? Without the shivery music, how are we to know whether the villain is hunting mushrooms or creeping up to the sleeping hero to stab him through the heart?

A contemporary asks: "Can a married man be a hero?" Yes, verily, he shows his heroism by marrying.

Let us remark in charity that perhaps some of the young women on the street never realized how unclothed they were until they saw it in the papers.

The treasury department plans to make paper money smaller in size, but not because the ultimate consumer is troubled with enlargement of the bank roll.

That pupil of aviation who fell 200 feet without being hurt is of the type that should succeed in aviation.

A linguist tells us that there are 6,000 known dialects, but the lingo an umpire uses when he announces the batteries will always be an unfathomable mystery.

Real reform has finally struck wicked New York. The humane society there is threatening to prosecute the owner of a troupe of trained seals for putting their collars on too tightly.

PIUS X TAKING OUT DOOR EXERCISE



THIS photograph, showing Plus X taking a promenade in the gardens of the Vatican, is being given wide publicity as indicating that the pope has recovered from his recent indisposition.

NEED GLOVES NOW

Success of Finger-Print System Hard on Crooks.

Has Been Means of Securing Many Convictions and Its Use Is Being Adopted More Widely by the Police.

Indianapolis.—Burglars operating in Indianapolis in the future will have to wear gloves, as the detective department henceforth will pay more attention to the practical side of the finger-print system. Captain of Detectives Holtz, on a recent visit to New York, found the detectives there were making use of the finger-print system, and he believes it will be a great help in solving burglaries.

The detective department here has used the finger-print system since it was adopted by the national bureau of identification. It has been used, however, more in identifying prisoners with the Bertillon system. After a prisoner has been brought in and his Bertillon identification has been completed, the finger-print cards were used to verify the identification more completely.

"When I was in New York recently I found the police department using the finger-print system to identify burglars who leave finger prints around the 'job' they have done," said Captain Holtz. "Several large burglaries have been cleared in the east through finger prints, and the detectives there say burglars now wear gloves when they are at work."

"I have always believed work finger prints practical in police work. Frequently the finger prints of safe blowers are left on the door, and the ordinary burglar is apt to leave finger prints around a door or window."

"The trouble is, the finger print to be of any service to police work, has to be very clear, or the expert is unable to see enough lines to make an identification."

Bert Perrott, Bertillon clerk, is also the finger-print expert. Perrott, since he has taken up the finger prints in connection with the Bertillon work, has shown great skill. Recently, as a test, a glass bottle was taken into the detective department at roll call. Previously the detectives had gone to Perrott's office and he took the impression of their finger tips.

After leaving the bottle Perrott returned to his office. Detective Frank

Duncan picked up the bottle and carried it to the other side of the room. Perrott then took the bottle to his office and compared the finger prints with those he had taken of the various detectives. He picked out Duncan as the man who had handled the bottle.

The advantage of the finger prints of the burglar to the detective is: the burglar has ever been under arrest of a larceny charge a record of his finger prints has been taken. The expert goes to the scene of the burglary, takes an impression of the finger prints, and then compares it with the cards he has on file.

CRUEL JOKE SHOCKS WOMAN

Post Card Received From Unknown Writer Informs Her of Husband's Death.

Newark, N. J.—Mrs. Joseph Collins of 37 Cleveland avenue, Harrison, received a postal card stating that her husband had died in the tuberculosis hospital in Laurel Hill, Scranton, and that unless his body was claimed at once it would be buried there. Collins is an inmate of the institution,

and the last his wife heard from him he was improving rapidly. Mrs. Collins became hysterical and neighbors who heard her cries went to console her. It was noticed by one of them that the card was unsigned and that the postmark showed it had been mailed in Harrison instead of Sacramento.

When neighbors were consoling Mrs. Collins, another took the card to the police station, and the sergeant on duty telephoned to the hospital inquiring as to Collins' condition. Word came back that he was out for a walk.

The police will try to learn who played the alleged "practical joke" on Mrs. Collins.

Footpads' Novel Methods. Warsaw.—Footpads who infest the suburbs of this town have hit on a novel way of robbing peasants' carts as they drive in laden with provisions.

The peasant drives while his wife sits at the back of the cart to keep guard. The thieves jump onto the cart, put their arms round the woman's waist, kiss her and hustle her off with endearing terms. Off runs the entangled husband to catch his wife. Meanwhile the Don Juan's accomplices take away the provisions and disappear into the forest.

When the peasant finally gets back his wife he finds he has been robbed of all but the cart. The trick is practiced with great success.

FIND FAMED WARRIOR'S BODY

Workmen Discover Tomb of Andrea Morosini in Venetian Church—Mummy Also Found.

Venice.—It always pays to scrape the walls of the churches and palaces of Italy, for almost invariably under the uninteresting outer wash are found frescoes of more or less value. This is just what happened here in the Church of Sts. John and Paul, where some frescoed figures of the evangelists have come to light near the high altar.

What is, perhaps, more interesting to the ordinary traveler is the discovery in the same church at the other side of the high altar of a Gothic sarcophagus of the fourteenth century in which a mummified body was lying on the back with the head turned to the right. One of the feet was detached from the body. From the description it was learned that these were the remains of Andrea Morosini, a famous warrior and a member of the family which gave four doges to Venice. The remains have been left intact and the tomb will be exhibited to the public as soon as the restoration of the church is completed.

MAN 70 YEARS YOUNG SKATES

Gay Old Boy Just Whirls Around to Get an Appetite—Gets It, Too.

Tacoma.—Clerks and others arriving late at their offices have recently been giving an excuse that they have been watching an old man skating.

As they reach a certain street they hear the whirr of rollers on the asphalt paving. Rounding a corner, they see a little old man, with long chin whiskers, sunken eyesockets, but very bright eyes, speeding along at a reckless rate. His ball-bearing rollers manipulate with the dexterity of a fourteen-year-old veteran.

A reporter approached the septuagenarian skater and was received with suspicion.

"Don't get it into your head that I'm doing this to revive ice-skating," he said. "This is a very healthy way of spending spare time. I get out here in the early morning and whirl around and have the finest appetite for breakfast you ever saw. And I'm nearly seventy."

"I used to skate a lot in Holland. The doctor says it's a great thing for me, and I know it is, so that's all there is to it."

BETTER EYES, BETTER MAN

California Prison Warden Has a Theory Along the Lines of Reform.

Sacramento, Cal.—To carry out his theory that steps for all-around betterment of prisoners should be taken, beginning with physical conditions, Warden Johnston of Folsom penitentiary has had thirty-two prisoners examined by eye and ear specialists.

Jake Oppenheimer, "the Hyena," under sentence of death, will be fitted with a pair of glasses. The warden said that Oppenheimer was pleased with the result, as his vision had been much impaired in the preparation of a book he is now writing, entitled "The Thoughts of a Condemned Man."

Another prisoner will be fitted with an artificial eye, on the theory that any improvement in a prisoner's looks will brighten his self-respect and make him more amenable to efforts for his reform.

Remarkable Operation.

A most remarkable surgical case is the almost complete recovery of Mrs. Mary Marlians of Orange, N. J., whose back was broken more than two months ago in a fall down a flight of stairs. The unusual operation was performed by reinforcing the fractured vertebrae with fine wire.

Cruel.

Wifey—I'm going out now, dear. Won't you be lonesome without me?

Hubby—Oh, no; just set the parrot here before you go.

A French scientist says that electricity can prevent hunger. But do you eat or drink the "juice?"

GOTHAM CHURCHES EMPTY

Religious Workers Say Church Interest Has Never Been So Slight as This Summer.

New York.—According to New York religious publications, the complaint is general among Christian workers in New York that never within recollection has the interest in church matters been so slight or the attendance so slim as this summer.

The churches on Fifth and Madison avenues and Trinity on Broadway, which usually have their congregations swelled in the summer by visitors from out of town, are suffering from the apathy as much as their smaller neighbors. There were only twenty-six persons at one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic uptown churches one Sunday morning last, forty at another.

EUROPEAN TRIP A RELIEF FROM CARE

For years the Browns had planned a European trip, but every year something happened to prevent their getting away. First the children were ill and then Mrs. Brown invited guests for a short time, who stayed several months, preventing the Browns, by the dwindling of the bank account, from going abroad that year. Thus things went on.

Finally Brown declared an absolute certainty that Europe would see them the following year. All their friends were notified and everything was done to make it impossible for their trip to be prevented.

When all was ready, however, Brown was ordered by his firm to secure a particularly desirable contract at any cost. It meant a lot to the firm and to Brown, but it also meant months of untiring effort—effort that could not be put forth in Europe.

Brown, however, had made his vow and be refused to let his business interfere with his family's plans. The family could go to Europe even if he couldn't. They had relatives abroad, and, besides, he could send them with a party. So he packed them on the train and looked as cheerful as possible when it pulled out.

When he returned home, however, he began to realize how lonesome it was there. It got on his nerves finally and be resolved to board during his bachelorhood. So he moved to a hotel.

Then the thought came to him to rent his house for the months that it would be vacant unless he rented it.

There was no earthly use in letting it stand and gather dust, which was the same as throwing away a goodly sum of money each month. Some one would be only too glad of the opportunity to live there in rented cages; but it is gospel truth, just the same, and every day there are more and more people who are coming to realize it, and who are working and saving and planning for the day when at last they can take a long breath of restful contentment "under their own vine and fig tree."

How much better to build a house like this for \$1,000 or \$1,200 than to keep on paying out good money for rent receipts. The reason why clerks and office men keep on paying rent year after year, ranging from \$20 to \$30 per month in the smaller cities, up to \$40 or even \$60 in the larger ones, is simply on account of pride—pride. They cannot afford a large, luxurious house, and they are ashamed to live in a small, cheap one.

There are many four-room flats in the city of Chicago containing less space than this little bungalow, which rents for \$30, and some as high as \$40 per month. One side of such a flat is sure to be dark; and generally light only comes from the street in front and the alley in the rear. At the right and at the left are solid, smoky, dingy brick walls; and the inmates are obliged to burn gas in the middle rooms in the daytime if they

IDEAS FOR HOME BUILDERS

BY WM. A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wife experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

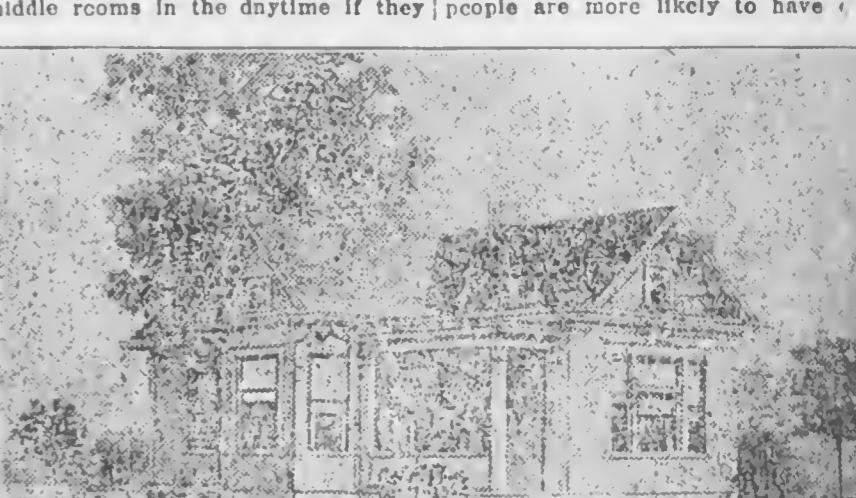
have a home; but how much it would be if they could get ideas down to something with husband's reach, then take him and beautify the ground house until the little cottage, most attractive spot on earth themselves, and to their children they have any. It costs an extra back and forth morning and every town and city is with street-car transportation, cost of fare in a small item weighed up against the saving in expenses, and especially is there is, however, another consideration which weighs more than money. It is the home feeling, the loving sentiment that grows up around the property which you have bought and for by degrees, that is of more value than money.

It would be difficult to build a kind of house cheaper than this little bungalow affair; still the appearance is pleasing. The large parlor window with two side lights, and the large dining room bay with such a neat side porch tucked away in the corner, just add the finishing touches that are so suggestive of refinement and good taste. Looks account for a good deal in a house, and more in a cottage. The pleasing appearance of most country cottages where a good garden is kept comes from the care bestowed on the grounds than from the style or build of the house itself; but it is better to study appearances even in building very small house.

NOT AN INHERITED DISEASE

Tubercular Germs Acquired On Through Association With Those Who Are Afflicted.

Very fat people and very thin people are more likely to have



want to see. Still the poor, deluded mortals who occupy such places refuse to go out into the suburbs, where the sun shines and where abundance of fresh air may be had for nothing. The hospitals are populated from these little sunless flats; but the people who hibernate in such places have grown accustomed to their disagreeable surroundings, and you know you can learn to tolerate almost any kind of existence.

The design here illustrated is a little four-room cottage house that may be easily and cheaply furnished, and heated all winter with four or five tons of coal. The same furniture that we are likely to convey the disease to you. It is the reason why one of your parents, lingering along through many years of the disease, is likely to spread it to other members of the family—but if this parent or both parents die of consumption while you were very young, you may have spared the long years of possible infection.

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AUTOMOBILE COAT



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

A steamer shawl will be utilized in automobile coats in the coming winter. The material is of different colored Scotch wool, with plaid collar and cuffs. The original shawl fringe encircles the bottom of the coat, which is of three-quarter length. A white felt hat completes the costume.

ESDEN IDEAS COME BACK

Esden is a Natural Result of the Fat That Calls for the Panier Draperies.

With the revival of the panier series comes back a decided emphasis on dresden silks, with all the usuals colorings that we associate with the Dresden shepherdesses. Plaids in blue, yellow and pale green are the backgrounds on which are wrinkled fascinating bouquets, garlands and even baskets of flowers.

The Dresden silks and satins are particularly adapted to suit the coats that are incorporated on afternoons and evening frocks for summer. They are not so striking in contrast with a plain, thin fabric and there is great scope for color combinations and flower effects.

The rose season, so noticeable in fashions for the summer, is a timely one for flowered mulls, organdies, muslins, voiles and chiflons with which the Dresden silks effectively combine.

Hats covered with dresden taffeta are decidedly chic. Bridesmaids now are favoring hats of this type to continue the idea of the dresden coats thrown over simple and usable frocks in heavier felt and plush.

BLOUSE



This is for veiling or delaine, and has the fronts trimmed with groups of fine tucks, between which stripes of insertion are seen; the back is trimmed to match. Tucks are made down the outside of sleeve, and the cuffs and collar are of entirely tucked material.

Materials required: 2 yards 40 inches wide, 2 yards insertion.

Fascinating Lingerie.

For evening wear throughout the winter underskirts will remain as they are this summer, and some of the charming bargains so dear to the heart of womankind may be picked up at present, as, for instance, a petticoat of the finest satin machine in the palest blue, with a knee-deep ruff of kilted transparent lawn over a pleated ruff of silk, slashed at intervals and held together by narrow bands of pale blue ribbon.

To Keep on Pumps.

When pumps slip at the heels and are too loose, paste a piece of velvet in the back, with the nap side out. If the shoes still spread, take them to a shoemaker and have him put in a casing for a draw string, or a piece of elastic which is tightly fastened.

Overshoes that slip at the heel and are too big may be made more comfortable by gluing a thick piece of chamois to the back of the heel. Use a glue that stands water.

Table Decoration.

An inexpensive table decoration noted by Harper's Bazaar is as follows: A crepe paper rose is hung from the chandelier, ribbons coming to each plate. The centerpiece is a large vase of roses with roses around the base. The bonbon dishes are tall glasses, and the favors are roses painted on cardboard. Baskets of roses are on either side of the table.

THRILLING ADVENTURE OF BUSINESS WOMAN

(The plain business woman and her sister, who has been pressed into service for the occasion, enter the millinery section of a large department store).

Business woman (plaintively)—"It does seem to me that I am never free from the thrall of the hat. Just after Christmas it begins to hang over me like a pall, and when the spring hats really begin to sprout in the window I get perfectly morbid." (Speaks very humbly to haughty saleswoman.) "If you could walk in, please, it would be so kind of you. Something small, if you please." (To sister while haughty saleswoman departs in search of hat). "Dear me! I wish I didn't get so positively abject on these occasions. I know some people who really get a bitter satisfaction out of sailing into exclusive millinery establishments, where the hats are dreams of beauty and becomingness, and demanding to be shown confections whose prices send the cold chills down one's back, and then departing with a dissatisfied shake of the head. But not so I. I feel impudent when I cast even a glance at the wonderful things."

(Haughty saleswoman returns balancing a hat on her hand. She looks bored to extinction. Business woman removes her much battered, squashy and obviously home made headgear and hands it to her sister. She looks doubtfully at the hat in the saleswoman's hand).

Business woman—"It looks awfully big."

Saleswoman—"It's the smallest hat in the house, madam. Small hats are not worn at all."

Business woman (hastily)—"Oh, of course, I know the hats are all big. But you see my face is so small that when I get one of these large things on I look just like a monkey. I really don't think it's worth while for me to try it on. I'm sorry to trouble you, but if you could find something that wouldn't sit quite so far down on my head, I'd be so much obliged." (She smiles pathetically and the saleswoman flounces away).

Sister (disgusted)—"You're worse than abject, Sarah. You're perfectly maudlin."

(Haughty saleswoman returns and suddenly engulfs business woman in a hat about two feet high and with a crown like a scrubbing pail).

Business woman (gasps)—"Oh, dear! Where am I? Why, really, don't you think this one is bigger than the other?"

Saleswoman—"No, madam; it is not."

Business woman (looking forlornly and apologetically toward showcase)—"But some of these hats are smaller, aren't they? I think I'll just step over and look at them." (She gathers up her belongings with the air of detecting sneak thief and sidles over to the showcase. Haughty saleswoman turns away with an air of deep disdain.)

Business woman (almost in tears)—"Why won't they be able to me? If they only realized it, I'm such an easy mark. A kind person could sell me anything."

Sister (impatiently)—"Oh, have a little backbone. I'm perfectly ashamed of you. Now, there's a pretty hat and a little one at that. Ask this girl over there to take it out and show it to you."

Business woman (after bracing herself to the effort of addressing another goddess of the millinery world, fades away in deep humiliation upon being told that the price of the hat in question is \$25)—"She could tell by the quiver in my voice that it was not for the likes of me."

Sister—"Why didn't you make her take it out and show it to you, say way? That's what they're here for."

Business woman (after vainly traveling up and down and around had round counters and showcases)—"Do you suppose if I wore one of these I would lose my job?"

Sister—"Here, try this one. Now, if you had a big headache so that you would look a little as if you had on a hat and not a necklace."

Business woman (gratefully)—"How cheering you are! (She peers out from under the hat with the air of a startled rabbit.) Would you mind asking one of the saleswomen if they have bandages?"

Sister (after pursuing saleswoman around the counter and finally bringing her to bay)—"I want a large bandage. One that will hold a hat up off of me."

Saleswoman (languidly and without offering to move)—"You mean a halo. No, we don't carry them. They're not worn." (She resumes her important occupation of gazing dreamily into space. Sister returns to business woman, who is still in a millinery world, for a moment. Then a triumphant light suddenly comes into her eyes. She fairly snatches the hat from the business woman's head.)

Sister (gleefully)—"They don't have halos. But—" (She seizes the old hat, and stuffs it inside the other one, then replaces the new hat on business woman's head, where it perches in a most sprightly, if somewhat precarious, way.)

Business woman (regarding herself with more or less satisfaction in the mirror)—"You're a genius!" (Wheedlingly.) "You're so awfully clever and so very, very brave! In fact I don't think I ever knew such a clever, brave person. Won't you go and see if you can, with honeyed words and sweet smiles, persuade somebody to sell this hat to me?"—Chicago Daily News.

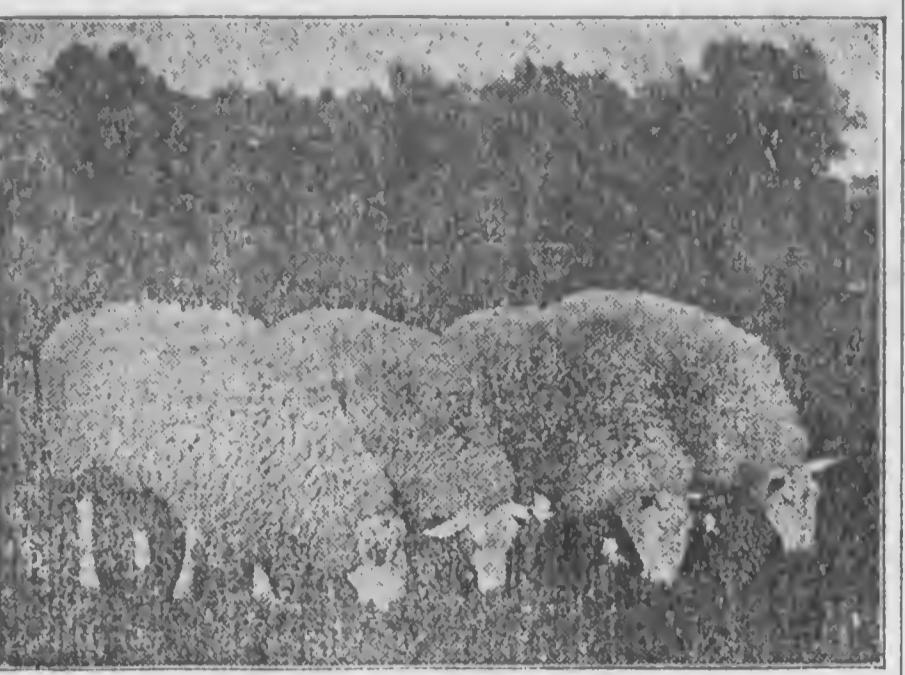
Rest Periods a Necessity.

The importance of rest periods in school work and of as much fresh air as possible is emphasized by recent scientific investigations, which have shown that the condition of the blood corpuscles in children is far less favorable after mental exertion in school than after hard physical effort.

Caught.
"You are the first woman I've ever kissed," he declared fervently. "You don't kiss as though I were," replied

ALTHOUGH GOOD RUSTLERS SHEEP SHOULD BE GIVEN THE ATTENTION THEY DESERVE

Animals Are Always Most Neglected and Receive Least Notice of All Stock Kept on Farm—Profitable to Give Them Best Treatment Possible.



Four Excellent Rustlers.

As far as my observation goes, sheep are always the most neglected and least noticed of all the stock kept on the farm. I am pretty sure the reason of this is that the sheep usually takes care of itself so well, without the assistance of man, and can make its living on so little, that gradually the idea of looking after the flock, and doing something for their benefit, passes out of the mind of most men who keep a few sheep, but are not in the business of keeping them as their principal interest.

But in spite of this negligence and lack of interest, I am sure that sheep pay much more in proportion to the amount invested and the cost of maintaining them than any other farm stock. In view of this fact, it would seem to me that the sheep ought to be the best cared for animal on the farm, and should have the best treatment that the owner can give, says a writer in the Farm Progress.

Sheep on the farm, or on the plains, receive less care and attention than any other farm stock, yet so far as my personal experience is concerned, pay a better profit on the investment than any other farm stock. I suppose the chief reason for this indifference on the part of most men lies in the fact that sheep cannot be made to multiply as fast as hogs, and the public demand is never so great as that for pork and beef.

It may be truthfully said that beef is the mainstay in filling the demand for fresh meat, and pork in the shape of hams, shoulders and sides, in the shape of breakfast bacon, constitutes the main supply of cured meats. I really think if lamb and mutton were used to a larger extent, and constituted a much larger portion of the meat eaten by the people generally, it would be better for the health of the people generally and, probably, have a tendency to improve the farms devoted to stock raising, and perhaps would also be conducive to the better average health of the people who consume very much meat.

I have been associated with farming a great many years, and owned several farms, and have kept stock of all kinds, and can say without prejudice that my sheep have always given me less trouble than the other kinds of stock and, for the investment, have paid me much more clear profit. I can therefore urge with great sincerity upon all who have not put at least a few sheep on their farms to do so as soon as possible.

That they will pay well is as certain as anything on the farm can be, and I know it is impossible for any farm stock to cost so little or give so little trouble.

My personal preference is for one of the "Down" breeds, and though the Southdown is probably more popular in a general way, I think the Shropshire is the most attractive. I think, too, that they average somewhat heavier in weight.

On a 400-acre farm I kept for a long time a flock of thirty to forty, and from the time that the pastures were suitable to graze in the spring till the freezing weather in the late fall, my sheep never needed to be fed a mouthful. And the winter kept has always been so small that I am sure that half of the increase of the flock would offset the entire cost, if it were possible to estimate that cost, for the whole year.

We have made it a practice to use our own table as lamb and mutton most of the surplus of our own flock, and almost to keep the flock down to about forty in number. As they are always left in the pasture all the time, including even most of the winter, the cost of keep is too small to count.

Half of the returns for wool would more than pay for all the feed, forage and pasture they get, and I have noticed that some of my thinlaid and most run-down land on the place is getting better all the time.

I have heard some complaint about sheep being affected with the fly, but all injury to the sheep may be avoided by applying a mixture of pine tar and grease—say axle grease—around the nostrils. To save the trouble of catching and applying the tar to the sheep direct, some people bore holes in a log with a two-inch auger, and put salt in them, and then smear around the edge of

Choosing a Hoe.

In choosing a hoe, select one the blade of which lies not quite flat on the floor when you are standing erect with the hoe handle extending from your hand when in working position to the floor. The heel of the hoe should not quite touch the floor from this position. Such a hoe will bite into the soil easily when it is bright and sharp and will work smoothly and effectively. Sharpen the hoe as soon as it gets noticeably dull. This will be hard on the hoe, but it saves

PATRIOTISM THAT WINS IN THE END

By BELLE K. MANIATES.

"I wonder if I am an ex-patriot" soliloquized May Hampton, as she looked up from the perusal of a letter from home, remonstrating with her for her prolonged absence.

It was two years now since she had come to this land of sunny skies to study music and Italian for six months. At the end of that time, the people with whom she had come returned home, but May had formed the acquaintance of an English family who had taken up residence in Florence, and they offered to take her in charge. Her parents reluctantly consented to a continuance of her sojourn, and she was now more leath than ever to return. The charm of sunny Italy had worked its spell, and then, too, her voice was developing so marvelously that she began to have visions of grand opera. Memories of home ties were becoming dimmed, and three months ago she had broken her engagement with Tom Howden. She could never have done this except by letter, for there had been a fascination about Tom, and her resolutions generally weakened in his presence.

The letter twitting her of being ex-patriated was from her father, who so rarely wrote to her. He had launched into eulogy over the United States, and then, too, her duty to him.

With a sigh Kate laid down the letter and began to dress for dinner. Her friends, the Gordons, were having some repairs made to their house, and in the meantime they were all staying at a boarding place.

She was roused from her reflections of the stars and stripes by the entrance of Gwendolen Gordon.

"There is a countryman of yours below, May, who has just arrived straight from the states."

"Really?" asked May interestedly. "It's so long since I have seen any one 'just over'."

"You will doubtless meet him at dinner. He is tall, well-formed, good color, bright eyes, well-tubbed. Really he might almost pass for an Englishman."

And May was not yet so "expatriated" as not to experience a tinge of resentment at Gwendolen's inference that his passing for an Englishman was the highest compliment she could pay an American. The description reminded her of Tom, and memories of Tom always brought a vague discomfort. He had merely acknowledged the receipt of the ring she had returned, and had formally regretted her "change of heart." After the long, friendly letter she had written him explaining her "career" she had certainly looked for more notice than that. She had anticipated opposition, remonstrance or a beheading letter from him, possibly a visit from him. Maybe he, too, had "changed." And there had been an unaccountable silence on the part of her family, who adored Tom. Her father, whose views on "honor" and the keeping of a promise were so implacable, had never mentioned or hinted at her action—simply indited an oration on her country.

The pigs that had not been sold and out of the same litter were allowed to run on pasture, and when corn was ready to feed they were fed enough corn to put them in pork condition, but when slaughtered at about the same time as the other two they only weighed 65 to 70 pounds each. They were a difference of nearly 100 pounds between these well-fed hogs and their mates not so fed, and it is wholly due to different treatments. It is easy to see that this was the most economical pork producer—the well-cared-for hog or the one who got enough feed to barely live until farreting time. The difference in value was almost \$10, as pork sold at 10 cents a pound here last fall. The two well-cared-for hogs did not eat near \$10 worth of feed from the time they were separated from their mates until they were slaughtered.

EXCELLENT FLOORS FOR A HOG HOUSE

Easy Matter to Secure Comfortable Quarters if Cold Is Kept Out.

I am using concrete floors in our hog houses and have found that I need very little bedding, just enough to keep the body of the pig from coming in contact with the concrete. It is easy to keep a concrete floor warm if the cold air cannot get under it, says a writer in an exchange. With one hundred pigs in the house, during zero weather, I had to keep some of the windows and the upper end doors open for ventilation. I have never had pigs get stiff from lying on concrete floors. Good, dry bedding, straw or shredded fodder, is used, and is removed as soon as it becomes damp and replaced with a fresh supply.

Ventilation is such that cold winds cannot blow in on the pigs. I dislodge the houses often with air-slaked lime.

A dipping tank is essential, not only for destroying lice, but for promoting health conditions in general. I dip my pigs once in two months, more often if the animals are bothered with lice, and use my dip on the market that have crude oil as a basis. I do not dip in winter, but crowd the hogs into the house and spray them, leaving them until dry. I spray hogs, walls, bedding and all.

I keep wood ashes and a little lime in a self-feeder before the pigs all the time. Hogs need more mineral matter than they usually get. During the summer the hogs should be provided with ample shade.

muscle, and hoes are cheap. Carry a small, flat file in your hip pocket and do not allow a nick to stay in the hoe minute after it is made.

Pig-Eating Sows.

A sow eats her pigs because she has been improperly fed during pregnancy. We never know of a sow having this habit if she has been allowed to run in the pasture, or whose rations had been varied and which contained plenty of green and succulent feed.

In 1975.

Grandma—"So you have even arranged your wedding anniversary? Isn't that lovely!" The Bride—"Yes, Silver the first year, gold the third, diamonds the fifth, and radium the tenth, if it should possibly happen that we aren't divorced by that time."

London Has Immense Chandelier.

The chandelier in the Alhambra music hall in London is said to be one of the largest in the world, having sixty electric lamps of 500-candle power each.

America is teaching Europe how to dress its windows. Europe is teaching America how to dress its girls in skimpy clothing, which is most ungraceful.

WHAT WILL CURE MY BACK?

Common sense will do more to cure backache than anything else. "Will tell you whether the kidneys are sore, swollen and aching. It will tell you in that case that there is no use trying to cure it with a plaster. If the passage are scant or too frequent, prove that there is kidney trouble is complete. Then common sense will tell you to use Doan's Kidney Pills the best recommended special kidney remedy.

AN OHIO CASE

Fred W. Harrison, Jefferson, Ohio, says for years I suffered from kidney trouble. I had constant backache, dull pains, and became so bad I was laid up in bed. After doctor had failed, I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me completely.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER

DAILY—EXCEPT SUNDAY, FOURTH OF JULY, THANKSGIVING AND CHRISTMAS.

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FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
JAMES S. SHERMAN.

FOR CONGRESS,
HON. HARRY BAILEY.

BATTLE, DVMN.

We stand at Armageddon and we hurl the liars back.
There's Me and Hi and Perky, and Old Suspender
Jack.

—Cincinnati Inquirer.

The Democrats of Congress made rainbow promises of economy before Congress met. After the pork barrel had been around, Uncle Sam found his grocery bill was just as high as ever.—Fleming Gazette.

Running a finger down the list of newspapers which are supporting Roosevelt—it don't take long—it may be noted that almost without exception they are owned by Democrats or men in unlawful "Big Business" of the sort Taft is bringing under the law.

JOHNSON'S FLING AT TAFT.

When Gov. Hiram Johnson said to his Taft-hating hearers at Columbus the other day, "It is with shame as an American citizen that I say that today the most humiliating character in all American history is the president of the United States," he was cheered to the echo.

But that declaration was read with disgust by many Americans who are not supporters of President Taft for the presidency.

The New York Evening Post, for instance, a Wilson organ, after quoting Johnson's bitter words and remarking that their author had said what tended to degrade the presidency, our most exalted office, "in the eyes of the nation and the world," declares as follows:

Gov. Johnson will find this a sadly ungenerous part of the country, for he will be surprised to learn that there are hundreds of thousands of people who will, irrespective of party and their personal opinions of Mr. Taft's success or non-success in the White House, follow Gov. Johnson's own example of rank speech and say that his utterance is that of a man destitute of the attributes of a gentleman. If that is the best of the West, they will cry out, "Let us have converse only with the East."

So much for a typical eastern view of the third-termers' vice-presidential candidate. Now let us turn to what a California newspaper, the San Francisco Call, has to say of him:

The Call is disappointed in Governor Johnson. He promised to give the state a good economical administration, and he promised to add to the state's business himself, faithfully and constantly. He has not done it.

The state's expense account is higher than ever. The governor is almost constantly absent from his office. He deputizes Al. McCabe and John F. Neylan, two small politicians, to attend to the state's business. He has been absent eight months out of the last ten. He is about to go away for two months more to campaign for another office. The Call insists that he has no right so to neglect his official duties, and the taxpayers are saying the same thing. If he can't attend to his official duties, he should resign.

Some day it will be known why Johnson puts so much venom in the references he makes to President Taft. The animus he exhibits is not becoming in the governor of a great state and an aspirant to the office of vice-president.

Think of a Bull Moose wearing suspenders?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Roosevelt will doubtless be surprised also to learn that David anticipated him in the conclusion that "all men are liars."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, addressing the National Dental Association in Washington, declared that more children die because of bad teeth than from any other trouble.

In one of his books Woodrow Wilson describes Thomas Jefferson as "an aristocrat who deliberately practiced the arts of a politician. Washington found him a guide that needed watching."

What do Jeffersonian Democrats think of that?

Everything is politics aye more. You can hold a picnic, a Sunday School convention, a grange meeting or beau dinner but what some wily politician gets after the committee in charge and sees that a candidate or prospective candidate of his liking gets on the program for a speech. It has played havoc with the Sunday School meetings. It used to be that people generally would attend them. But any more the principal orators are cheap politicians who probably never see the inside of a Sunday School room except when the campaign is on. These meetings should be announced by their right names. It should be stated in advance that a political pow-wow will be held in Smith's grove for the benefit of Bill Jones, candidate for Infirmary director. Then the people would know what to expect and could go or stay at home just as they chose. If it is just a common picnic, they want to go and have a good time and not be bored to death by a long-winded, sleeve-loaded politician. Of course they are cheap. The committee is not out anything financially for they pay their own expenses and naturally spread political germs by kissing all the babies in the grove.—Jackson Sun.

WOULD BE BIG A NOISE.

If it should turn out, as George Harvey fears, and the House of Representatives should have to elect a President of the United States, what hall is there in Washington big enough to accommodate the Colonel and his red bandanna army while they are at the capital bulldozing the electors?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Democrat Warns Democrats

Carlisle Mercury, Democratic.

The Democratic vote in Vermont shows a gain of something like 3,000 over the highest vote ever before cast for a Democratic candidate for the governorship. That one fact will have to be disposed of before there is room for consolation for either the Taft or the Roosevelt followers at the result.

Every Democrat in Nicholas county should know that the election for President is held in November and not in September, and that ballots and not bragging count, and it takes money to get out the ballot makers. Kentucky is all right but there are states where work—and hard work will have to be done.

At the election held in Maine last Monday the Republicans elected a full state ticket including the Legislature. The Republicans gain a Congressman. The Democrats will doubtless quit bragging and go to work now. The Democratic leader who tells the people that "it's all over but the shouting" is a fraud. Old High Protective Tariff is wonderfully alive.

"How well behaved your children are!" added the minister's wife.

"They are perfectly lovely children," added the minister.

The parents smiled proudly, and up spoke little Agnes: "I'm said if we didn't behave."

"Does yo' grieve yo' bar with ham fat or how?"

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WELL DESERVED

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SHELL GOES LONG DISTANCE

Interesting History of 12-Inch Projectile Used in Spanish War—Traveled Four Miles.

Screeching out its defiant message of possible death and disaster, a 12-inch 1,000-pound shell was sent across the Bay of Santiago on the fatal morning of July 3, 1898, from one of the battleships—Texas, Iowa or Indiana. The shell traveled a distance of between three and four miles and found lodgment in the side of a rocky hill just behind Morro castle, the charge being unexploded. It now reposes peacefully on the sidewalk in front of a store in Carson street, Southside, near Twenty-seventh street, but minus the charge.

Thousands of people pass the spot daily, but little or no heed is given by them to this interesting relic of Uncle Sam's encounter with the one-time great power of Spain.

The shell was shipped on October 29, 1898, by Capt. Surgeon James McKay, United States navy, to his father, Stephen McKay, of this city, and is much prized by the latter as a relic and souvenir.

Capt. McKay gave an interesting description of the circumstances attending the firing and finding of the shell. He states: "The shell was fired from the Indiana or Texas from a distance of between three or four miles, and was doubtless fired at the eastern battery, a concealed battery of several old bronze cannon situated in a hollow in the bluff, and only visible from several miles at sea. Our ships paid great attention to this particular battery from noticing that, while the muzzles of the cannon were visible over the embankment before firing, they disappeared simultaneously with that operation. Now from the excellent battery drilled into the men of the navy of overestimating rather than doubting the strength of the enemy, they decided the battery must be composed of modern rifled disappearing guns, and acted accordingly. Every now and again, and when the ships seemed most quiet, one or another would drop a carefully calculated shell in such close proximity as to keep the artillerists working the guns in a state of constant terror. This shell, from its position, must have flown over the guns and men at just sufficient height to clear the ridge and plunge into the hill beyond. It missed its mark by a very small margin. However, the hundreds of holes, some large enough to form a cellar for a large dwelling, scattered all about and within the battery, the dismantled, crippled and half-buried pieces, and the general wreck made of nature in the entire vicinity, speak only too eloquently of the excellent marksmanship of our gunners, and the splendid conduct of our ships in general.

"When Admiral Sampson visited the above-mentioned battery some months after the surrender, he smilingly told how they had been fooled by the strange disappearing qualities of the old guns. Many of these old pieces dated back to 1718 and were masses of most wonderful and beautiful hand carving, but the gun carriages were not more than 100 years old, hence the parts did not fit and the recoil mechanism (great buffer springs) being useless the piece on being discharged would bound back into the air the full length of the carriage (15 feet). The muzzles were visible over the cement before firing, but their rebound flight carried them far out of sight, hence the disappearing guns which deceived our men for a while."

The shell, singular to relate, shows but slight marks of its impact with its rocky billet, another proof of the care with which American projectiles are fashioned.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Where the Gray Hairs Came From. The attitude of the commanding generals of the north and south toward each other, after the final surrender, writes Mr. Thomas Nelson Page in his recent book on General Lee, is one that the world regarded with astonishment, and that Americans may forever look back upon with pride. In illustration, Mr. Page offers an engaging anecdote from Long's memoir of Lee.

It appears that on the afternoon of the day of the surrender at Appomattox, Meade paid a friendly visit to Lee at his headquarters. In the course of the conversation, Lee turned to Meade, who had been associated with him as his officer of engineers in the "old army," and said, pleasantly: "Meade, years are telling on you. Your hair is getting quite gray."

"Ah, General Lee," was Meade's prompt reply, "that is not the work of years. You are responsible for my gray hairs."

Guying a Bombproof.

The southern soldiers had little respect for what were known as "bombproofs," the fellows who had easy positions in the rear. On one occasion a smartly dressed young officer belonging to this kindred cantered up to a depot where a regiment of men were awaiting transfer. As soon as they saw him they began guying him.

"Oh, my, ain't he poopy!"

"Say, mister, whar'd ye' git that lied suit?"

"Does yo' grieve yo' bar with ham fat or how?"

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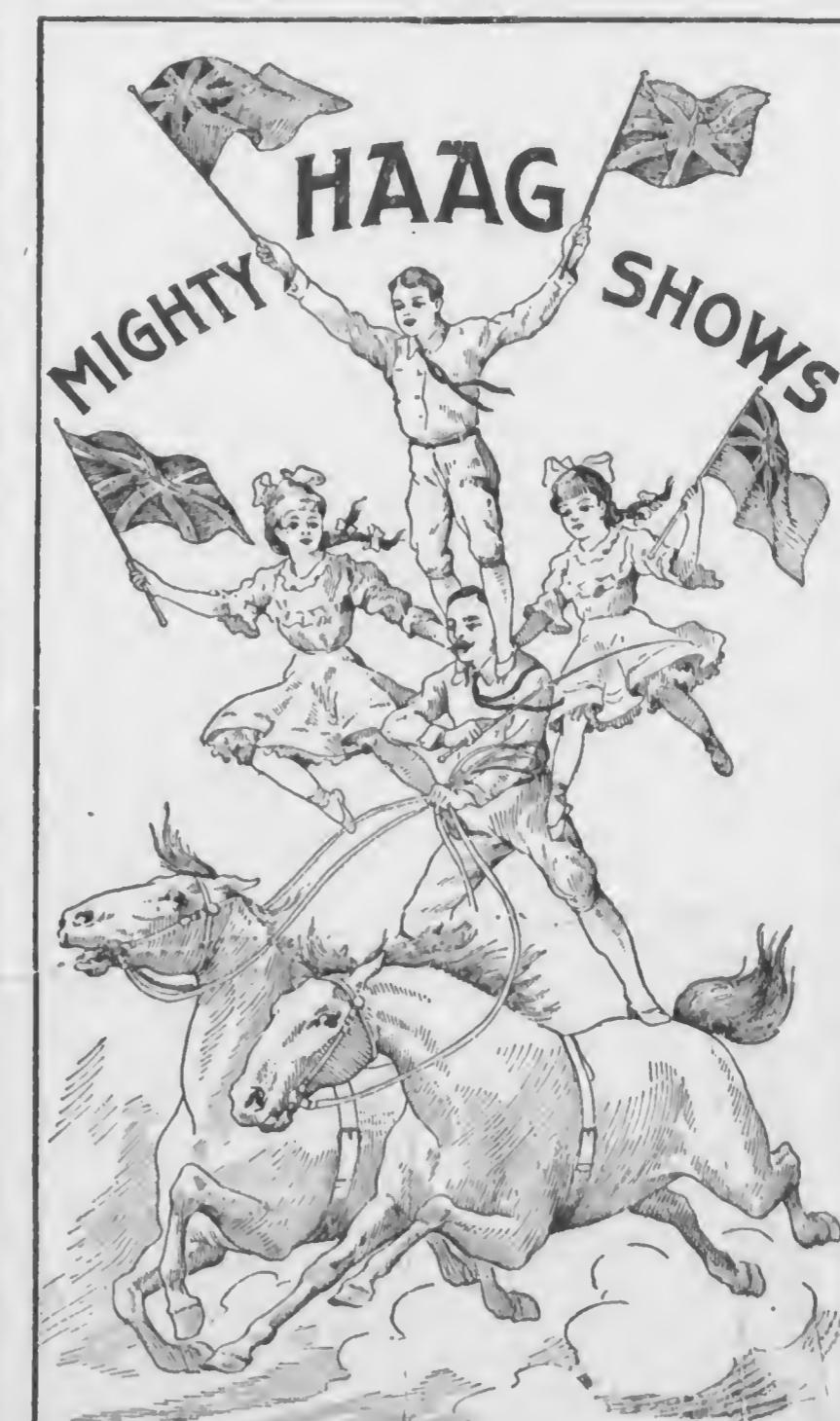
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Louisville—September 9 to 14.
Mayfield—October 9 to 12.
Morgantown—September 19 to 21.

Deafness Cannot be Cured
by the Public Ledger, Local and Long
Distance Phone No. 10.

Electric heat is now being used successfully
in operating on cancers.

THE REAL SHOW!

Maryville, Tuesday, September 24



EDWIN MATTHEWS
DENTIST.

Suite 4, First National Bank Building,
MARYVILLE, KY.

Local and Long Distance Phone No. 555.

Residence No. 124 E. Third street; Phone No. 5.

Special Attention to Diseases
of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

Office Hours—9 to 12 a.m.; 4 to 6 p.m.

Sundays By Appointment Only.

We Are Offering On Sale For a Few
Days One Dollar Size Bottles
of Improved

WAHOO

Compound Blood and Nerve Tonic for

35c PER BOTTLE or
3 BOTTLES FOR \$1

A remedy for Rheumatism, Blood,
Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles.

Do not forget the price—35c per bottle
or 3 for \$1.

JOHN C. PECOR

Druggist MARYVILLE, KY.

Local and Long Distance Phone No. 127.

Residence No. 124 E. Third street; Phone No. 5.

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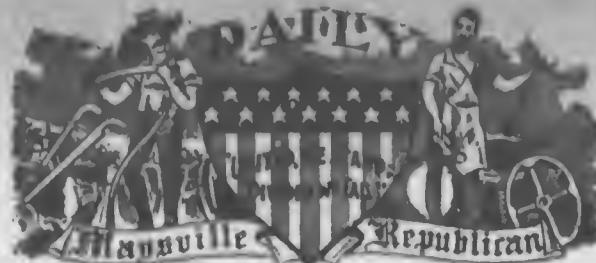
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Public



Ledger

WEEKLY REPUBLICAN-1867.
DAILY PUBLIC LEDGER-1868.

MAYSVILLE, KY., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1912.

ONE COPY-ONE CENT.



THE PASTIME TONIGHT ONLY

When the Heart Calls
Nestor.
The Padrone's Daughter
Imp.
The Bum and the Bomb
Champion

Richard G. Valentine's resignation as commissioner of Indian affairs was promptly accepted by President Taft, the latter's decision in the "religious garb case" being the alleged cause.

Light Up the Town Clock

Why not have the face of the big clock on the Mason county courthouse lighted up at night so the wayfarers may see the time of night as well as the time of day? It won't cost much and the county and the city could divide the expense.

A Musical Treat

When you attend The Mighty Haig Shows on September 24th at Maysville you will be treated to your first real musical treat under canvas. You have undoubtedly attended many circuses and wondered why the management should spend hundreds of dollars on feature acts and neglect the musical program. It remained for E. Haig to be the first to make it a feature of his shows and to inaugurate it has secured Miss Nellie King, the premier Lady Cornetist of America today, and at both afternoon and evening performances Miss King will render her superb solos.



"THE HAIRS OF YOUR HEAD ARE NUMBERED"

There is a great deal of truth in the old saying. Roots die, vitality gives out. The hair begins to turn gray.

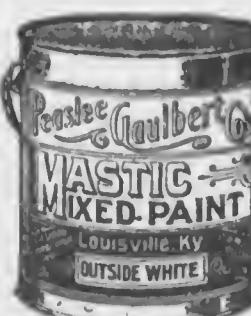
This is particularly unfortunate as we are all living in an age when to LOOK YOUNG means to fill the YOUNG and IMPORTANT positions. Old foggies go to the background. If you should begin to chalk down every day of your life, the exact number of hairs that turn gray, you would be surprised and soon learn that "The Grey Hairs of Premature Old Age" come on very quickly, if you neglect them.

Begin to Count, and Use— HAY'S HAIR HEALTH

Keeps You Looking Young
\$1.00 and \$2.00 at Drug Stores or direct upon receipt of price and dealer's name. Send 10c for bottle. Philo Hay Spec. Co., Newark, N. J.

For Sale and Recommended by
T. J. Chemurewitz.

WASHINGTON THEATER TONIGHT, AN ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAM



Don't Put Off Painting
It's poor economy to let your home or your tenants buildings decay and depreciate for lack of paint. Paint is an investment, not an expense. The best paint is the best investment. Mastic Paint is the best by test; under all conditions, everywhere. Makes the best finish; goes farthest; lasts longest and therefore costs the least.

Mastic Paint "The Kind That Lasts"

Let us tell you of some "neighbors" who have tried and will recommend Mastic Paint. Ask our dealer in your town for book of suggestions and color chart.

Manufactured by
Peaslee-Gaulbert Co.
Incorporated
Louisville, Kentucky.

FOR SALE BY
RYDER PAINT STORE

WE SELL

Metal Roofing!

J. C. EVERETT & CO.

L. LANGEFELS

Modern Plumbing, Steam
and Hot Water Heating!

High quality of Gas Work a Specialty.
Handle Only the Best of material. Dealer
in Brass Valves and Fittings, Gas Stoves
and Ranges, All Sizes of Sewer Pipe, etc.

Maysville, Ky.

Roosevelt Out; It's Taft or Wilson

New York Press, Republican.

Mr. Roosevelt cannot get enough votes in Republican territory to do himself any good. And if he cannot get them in Republican territory, how can anybody expect him to get them in Democratic territory? In Vermont his party is able to count only a small fraction of the whole vote cast.

No body can doubt that every Roosevelt vote in Vermont was put in the ballot box. The Roosevelt followers, enthusiastic to a degree, do not fail to any test to do all that it is in them to do. There are no more Roosevelt ballots in Vermont.

But with his collapse in Vermont, Mr. Roosevelt shows more than his own failure to poll enough Republican votes to do him any good; he shows that his third term movement makes votes for the Democratic party. The Democratic candidate for Governor did not lose votes, compared with 1910. He gained votes; he gained them not merely relatively but positively. Compared with 1908 he did the same thing.

The lesson from Vermont is that there is no possibility of the Colonel being elected President; that the most he can hope to achieve is the election of Wilson; that if Wilson is to be defeated the only chance to defeat him is

with the Republican ticket.

What the Roosevelt followers now have to choose between is either the election of Taft or Wilson. Roosevelt is out. It is beyond the power of the Roosevelt followers to do anything for the Colonel. They can do something for Mr. Wilson by throwing away their votes on the Colonel. If they wish to give the Government to the Democratic party, with all that such means, the way to help is to throw away their votes to the Colonel. If they wish to keep the Government out of the hands of the Democrats they must vote the Republican ticket.

We have no doubt that, as it becomes more and more evident that Mr. Roosevelt is completely out of the race, his followers, who for the welfare of the country are anxious to keep the government out of the hands of the Democrats, will turn to the Republican party as the only possible means to do this at the ballot box.

Whether the Vermont legislature will elect a Republican Governor is of the very smallest consequence compared with the question of how many Roosevelt followers will now leave the Colonel to keep the Government from capture by the Democrats.

TONS OF GOLD

In Coffers of Uncle Sam— Figures of Staggering Pro- portions Issued By

Treasury De-
ment

Facts About the Most Pros- perous County On Earth

Uncle Sam is not greatly worried over the question of where the next meal is to come from, in spite of all the storm and stress of politics and the pre-election talk of empty dinner pails, long bread lines and similar troubles and calamities. This is clearly indicated by a brief study of the Treasury figures. They show the government to be in a flourishing condition

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MY LADY OF DOUBT

BY RANDALL PARRISH

Author of *Love Under Fire*, *My Lady of the North*, etc.

Illustrations by HENRY THIEDE

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SYNOPSIS.

Major Lawrence, son of Judge Lawrence of Virginia, whose wife was a Lee, was sent on a perilous mission by Gen. Washington to the British at Valley Forge. Disguised in a British uniform, Lawrence arrives within the enemy's lines. The Major, attending a green tent, is the secret agent of the "Blended Rose" from mob. He later meets the girl at a brilliant ball. Trouble is started over a walk, and Lawrence is captured by the British. Mrs. Mortimer (The Lady of the Blended Rose) to make his escape. Lawrence is detected as a spy by Captain Grant, of the British Army, who agrees to let him out. He is then sent to Grant's friends and the spy makes a dash for liberty, swimming a river following a narrow escape. The Major arrives at the shop of a blacksmith, and is friendly, and known as the Lady of the Blended Rose.

CHAPTER VIII.

Tangled Threads.
My surprise at this unexpected reference to the Lady of the Blended Rose, almost prevented utterance. What could this partisan ranger know of the girl? How could be even have identified her in my vague reference?

"Why do you say that?" I asked eagerly. "I did not mention the lady's name."

"There was no cause for you to do so," and the grim mouth smiled. "No one else in Philadelphia would have turned the trick so neatly; besides the fact that your opponent was Grant who have revealed the identity of the girl."

"You know them both then?"

"Fairly well; he was a boy in these parts, and I have seen his riding horse many a time. A headstrong, domineering, spoiled lad he was, and quarreling."

"But Mistress Mortimer," I interrupted, "is her family also from this neighborhood?"

"To the northeast of here, near Locust Grove; the properties of the two families adjoin each other, and I have heard there is distant kinship between them, although if that be true all that was good in the strain must have descended to the one branch, and all the evil to the other. Day and night could be no different. Colonel Mortimer is a genial, pleasant gentleman, and a loyal friend, although we are in arms against each other. To tell the truth I half believe his heart lies with the Colonies, although he cast his fortunes with the King. He even has a son in the Continental Army."

"On Lee's staff," I interrupted. "The daughter told me he was a twin brother."

"Yes, an' as great a rogue as the girl, with the same laughing blue eyes."

"And Mistress Claire," I questioned, "on which side is she?"

"Can you ask that after having met her as a Lady of the Blended Rose? Pshaw, man, I could n't give you a list of the loyalist dames who make sport for the British garrison, and Mistress Claire is not least in rank or beauty among them. What else could you expect of a young girl when her father wears the green an' white, while her lover has made a reputation hereabout with his birelled raiders?"

"You mean Grant?"

"Certainly; they have been engaged from childhood, though God pity the poor girl if she ever marry. His work in the Jerseys has been almost as merciless as that of 'Red' Flinn, an' it is even whispered about them ride together at times. I doubt if she knows the whole truth about him, though she can scarcely deem him an angel even at that. Surely you never supposed her on our side?"

"She helped me," I insisted, "knowing who I was and even said she wished me cause well."

"The inconsistency of a woman; perhaps the two had had some misunderstanding, an' she was glad enough to outwit the fellow."

"No, 't was not that, I am sure; I could read truth in her eyes."

"In Claire's eyes!" be laughed outright. "Oh, I know the innocent-blue of them, and warn you not to trust them blindly. Other men have thought the same, an' found out they read wrongly when the end came—ay! many of them. When she was but a slip of a lass I found out her eyes played merry tricks, an' yet I love her though she were my own daughter. An' she's a good girl in spite of all the mischief in her."

"And she is truly a loyalist?"

"Not, I know no better. The rebel blood is all in the boy so far as I can learn, yet I will not answer for what Mistress Claire might do."

We fell silent, my memory with the girl, endeavoring to recall her exact words, the expression of her face. It was not in my heart to believe she had deceived me.

I had almost forgotten where I was, as well as the presence of my companion, when he suddenly arose to his feet, and, pushing aside the wooden window shutter, looked out. A glance of his keen eyes was sufficient.

"Get back into your box, Major," he exclaimed quickly. "Pull the papers over you!"

I was upon my feet, conscious of the instant sound of horses' hoofs.

"What is it? The enemy?"

"Rangers; fifty of them, I judge, an' they'll never pass here without running around. Quick now, under cover."

"But what about yourself?"

"Don't worry about me; those fellows haven't any evidence against me yet. They're after you."

I was through the intervening door with a bound and an instant later had burrowed under the crumpled papers. The shifting of the sun had left this corner of the repair shop in shadow, but I was scarcely outstretched in my hastily improvised hiding place, when I heard the blacksmith calmly open his outer door, where he stood smoking, clad in leather apron, awaiting the approaching horsemen. They swept about the corner of the smoky almost at the same moment, pulling up their tired horses at sight of him. From amid the thud of hoofs, and the rattle of accoutrements, a voice spoke sharply:

"So you're here, Farrell, you old rebel hypocrite. Well, what are you hiding now?"

"I was not aware that I had anything to hide, Captain Grant," was the dignified response. "This is my shop, an' where I should be."

"Oh, hell! We all know you well enough, you old fox, and we'll catch you red-handed yet, and bang you. But we're not hunting after your kind today. Did you see anything of a fellow in scarlet jacket along here last night, or this morning?"

I failed to catch Farrell's answer, but the voice of the officer was sufficiently loud to reach me.

"A rebel spy; the sneaking rascal must have swum the Delaware. We'll look about your shop just the same before we ride on. Mason, take a half dozen men with you, and raze the place over."

I heard the sound of their boots on the floor, and burrowed lower in my box. Two or three entered the old shop, and began to probe about among the debris. One kicked the box in which I lay, and thrust a bayonet down through the loose papers, barely missing my shoulder. With teeth clinched I remained breathless, but the fellow seemed satisfied, and moved on, after searching the dark corner beyond. At last I heard them all go out, muttering to each other, and ventured to sit up again, and draw a fresh breath. They had left the door ajar, and I had a glimpse through the crack. Farrell was leaning carelessly in the outer doorway, smoking, his short legs wide apart, his expression one of total indifference. A big fellow stepped past him, and saluted some one just out of sight.

"Nobody in there, sir," he reported.

"All right, Mason," and Grant came into view on a racy sorrel. "Get your men back into saddle; we'll move on."

"Think he went this way?" asked the blacksmith carelessly.

"How the hell do I know!" savagely. "He must have started this way, but likely he took the north road. We'll get the chap before night, unless he runs into Delvyn's fellows out yonder. See here, Farrell," bolding in his horse, "we'll be back here about dark, and will want something to eat."

"You will be welcome to all you find."

"You impudent rebel, you see that you are here when we come. I know you, you night rider, and will bring you to book yet. Forward men—trot! Close up the ranks there, sergeant; we'll take the road to the left."

I watched them go past, the dust-covered green uniforms slipping by the crack of the door, as the men urged their horses faster. Farrell never moved, the blue tobacco smoke curling above his head, and I stole across the littered storeroom to the cobwebbed window, from which I could watch the little column of riders go down the hill. They finally disappeared in the edge of a grove, and I turned around to find the blacksmith leaning against his anvil waiting for me.

"You mean Grant?"

"Certainly; they have been engaged from childhood, though God pity the poor girl if she ever marry. His work in the Jerseys has been almost as merciless as that of 'Red' Flinn, an' it is even whispered about them ride together at times. I doubt if she knows the whole truth about him, though she can scarcely deem him an angel even at that. Surely you never supposed her on our side?"

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"Get back into your box, Major," he exclaimed quickly. "Pull the papers over you!"

The boy, grinning happily, swung his horse around, and jabbing his sides with bare heels, rode madly away directly south across the vacant land. Within five minutes he had vanished down a sharp incline. Farrell was still staring after him, when I asked:

"What is it?"

"I was upon my feet, conscious of the instant sound of horses' hoofs.

"What is it? The enemy?"

"Rangers; fifty of them, I judge, an' they'll never pass here without running around. Quick now, under cover."

"I was ?

now am ready for any service. What

has occurred since I lay down?"

"Very little; Duval stopped a moment to report, an' two of my couriers rode past this way. We are going to have a goodly sized gathering tonight, an' from all I hear will need every rifle. Grant's purpose is, as I suppose, to guard the forage train into Philadelphia. He expects to meet them somewhere between Fellowship and Mount Laurel, an' the chancery are we shall have to fight both detachments. But fall to man, an' we can discuss all this as we eat."

He talked freely enough while we

remained there, but conversation veered to the book he had been reading, and I learned little of his plans, except that he relied upon surprise, and swiftness of movement to overcome the decided advantage of numbers. After we mounted and rode away, scarcely a word was exchanged between us. Just before dusk we overtook a dozen horsemen in the banks of a creek bottom, roughly dressed fellows, heavily armed, riding in the same direction as ourselves, and, after the exchange of a word or two, the whole party of us jogged along together. Others struggled in, singly, or by small groups, as darkness closed about, until we formed quite a respectable company. It was rather a silent, weird procession, scarcely a word being spoken, and no sound heard, other than the dull reverberation of unshod hoofs on the soft turf. To me, gazing back from where I held position beside Farrell, they seemed like spectral figures, with no rattle of accoutrements, no glimmer of steel, no semblance of uniform. Yet my heart warmed to the knowledge that these were no holiday warriors, but grim fighting men. They had left their plows in the furrow to strike a blow for liberty.

There was a low growl from the cluster of men, and an ominous movement of bodies pressing closer. Duval laughed mirthlessly.

"The bloodhound takes the scent," he said grimly. "God help these poor devils when we cut the flesh, Farrell. Where do you propose meeting them?"

"Across there in the bluffs," pointing, "where the road turns in between the high clay banks. We'll leave our horses here, an' cross on foot, is that the right plan, boys?"

There was a murmur of acquiescence, a few questions, and then the silence of approval. It was evident these men were under small discipline, and their officers led only by force of character. Without orders the horses were led away, tied securely in the black depths of the woods, and the men came straggling back, rifles in hand, grouping themselves along the edge of the stream. There was no attempt at military formation, but Duval straightened them out so as to count the number present.

"Sixty-nine, all told," he announced briefly. "All right, boys, come on, and keep your powder out of the water."

It was firm bottom, but the water rose above the waist, with sufficient current so we bad to brace against it in mid-stream. We trailed dropping up the eastern bank, coming out upon a well-traveled road. A hundred feet beyond was the elect through the clay, and there Farrell halted us, dividing the men into two parties. Under his orders they disappeared like magic, the silent night engulfing them completely. The three of us, Duval, Farrell, and myself, alone remained in the deserted road.

"Duval," said the blacksmith quietly, "you are the Major feel your way along to the top, an' discover what is happening. I'll stay here, an' take care of the boys."

The road was a gradual rise, the clay packed hard under foot, but from the summit we could look away for some distance over a level country, dimly revealed under the new moon. There was nothing in sight, and no sound disturbed the solitude. We sat down on a bunch of turf, rifles in hand, to wait patiently, our eyes scanning the distance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pleasant Quarters for French Prisoner

A retreat rather than a prison is the new institution which has been raised at Evreux, on the road from Paris to Trouville, says a correspondent of the London *Globe*. It is oval in form, much in appearance to that of a large castle, and is surrounded by a wall over 30 feet in height. It is situated on high ground overlooking the town, and to say the least prisoners should have a very comfortable time. Each has his own cell with hammock bed, washing utensils and a table for books. The cells are lighted by electricity and heated by radiators. The authorities have not forgotten the spiritual needs of the inmates. The consideration of the ministry of justice for the welfare of the prisoners is seen by an electric bell at the head of each hammock, so that the detained, if he be taken suddenly ill, can communicate with the guard.

Very Good Fit.

Sometimes the blunder of a child seems like the veriest wise man's wisdom. Such might be said of the little fellow in Hutchinson, according to The *Gazette*, who, desiring some of the horrid housekeeper's dainties, commonly called hash, said: "Please pass the trash."—Kansas City Star.

His Way.

"At the beginning of each week Tite was given his wife the money to run the house on during the week."

"I suppose be asks her how much she wants, and then hands it over."

"No, he asks her how little she can get along with and hands that over."

Collective Housekeeping.

An English paper tells of an experiment in collective housekeeping in what is known as Brent Garden village. The dwelling houses contain all improvements except a kitchen. Meals for everybody are cooked at a central hall, and may either be eaten there or sent home. A four-course dinner costs only 1 shilling and 6 pence. Servants are supplied, when needed, from the central hall at a cost of about ten cents an hour.

A Mild Argument.

"Hubby, do you love me as much as you did when we were first married?"

"Of course I do."

"Seems to me you don't tell me as often as you did."

"Yes, I do. Seems to me you're hard er to convince."

Consideration.

"Do you want your wife to vote?"

"I don't mind," replied Mr. Growches.

"But I hope they don't make election day costumes too expensive."

THESE SIX LETTERS

From New England Women

Prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Does Restore the Health of Ailing Women.

Boston, Mass.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from hemorrhages (sometimes lasting for weeks), and could get nothing to check them. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound (tablet form) on Tuesday, and the following Saturday morning the hemorrhages stopped. I have taken them regularly ever since and am steadily gaining."

"I certainly think that every one who is troubled as I was should give your Compound Tablets a faithful trial, and they will find relief."—Mrs. GEORGE JONES, 602 Fifth Street, South Boston, Mass.

Letter from Mrs. Julia King, Phoenix, R.I.

Phoenix, R.I.—"I worked steady in the mill from the time I was 15 until I had been married a year, and I think that caused my back, and sometimes I would have to lie in bed for two or three days not able to do my housework."

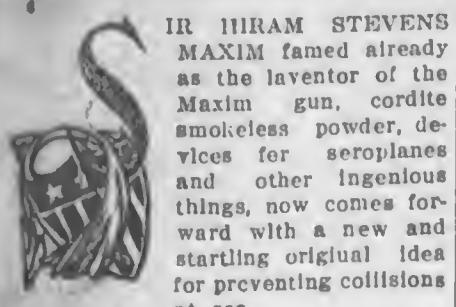
"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped me wonderfully every way. You may use my letter for the good of others. I am glad to do anything within my power to recommend your medicine."—Mrs. JULIA KING, Box 228, Phoenix, R.I.

Letter from Mrs. Etta Donovan, Willimantic, Conn.

Willimantic, Conn.—

A SIXTH SENSE FOR VESSELS

Hiram Maxim Has Plan to Prevent Collisions at Sea.—Takes Lesson from the Bat



SIR HIRAM STEVENS MAXIM famed already as the inventor of the Maxim gun, cordite smokeless powder, devices for aeroplanes and other ingenious things, now comes forward with a new and startling original idea for preventing collisions at sea.

Briefly stated, he wishes to provide ships with a "sixth sense," represented by an apparatus that will send vibrations and record minutely echoes caused by them if they fall against any hard object near ship—an echoer, for example.

Hiram got his idea of this sixth sense from the bat, which, according him and other scientists, possesses a sense, and is able by means of to find its way about in the dark at perfect ease.

The inventor explains his invention in a pamphlet just published by him in London. "The wreck of the Titanic was a severe and painful shock to us all," he writes. "I asked myself: 'Has science reached the end of its tether? there no possible means of avoiding such a deplorable loss of life and property?' At the end of four hours it occurred to me that ship could be provided with what might be appropriately called a sixth sense, that would detect large objects in their immediate vicinity without the aid of a searchlight."

Then Sir Hiram set to work to study the bat's peculiar possession in an endeavor to apply it to preventing marine collisions, and soon hit upon the idea which he now makes public. Before describing the new Maxim apparatus it is well to set out what he has to say about that which inspired it, the sixth sense of the bat.

"Every naturalist that has either experimented on bats or writes on the subject," he says, "seems to admit that the extraordinary appendages attached to the bat's face are organs of perception more or less allied to the sense of feeling, but not one of them, so far as I can learn, has ever suggested that these organs are for the purpose of receiving the echo from the vibrations of the wings. I think I was the first to discover this."

The inventor goes on to show that the wings of the bat are extremely sensitive and very well provided with nerves, which is also true of the various organs of the bat's face. These nerves, he maintains, are intimately connected with each other and with the brain. Thus a bat, flying about in total darkness, sees out, by means of its wings, a series of pulsations or wave-like sound waves, but too low to be considered as sound. These waves, striking against all surrounding objects, are reflected back to their source, just as sound and light are, and these reflections of the vibrations, being received by the sensitive organs on the face of the bat, enable it to judge the distance to any object by the lapse of time between the sending out and the receiving of the waves.

Coming, then, to his collision-prevention, Sir Hiram says:

"Suppose now that we construct an apparatus that will produce atmospheric vibrations of about the same frequency as those produced by the bat, but instead of using the infinitesimal amount of energy employed by the bat, we use 200 or 300-horse-power—that is, we send out waves that have an amplitude and energy at least 300,000 times as great as those sent out by the bat. These vibrations, although of great energy, will not be audible to our ears, but they will shake up and agitate light ob-

jects for a considerable distance, and will travel at least 20 miles, so that they could be received and recorded by a suitable apparatus at that distance, and would be able to travel at least five miles and send back to the ship a reflected echo that would be strong enough to be detected."

Sir Hiram points out that in providing a ship with a "sixth sense," three distinct devices must be combined: one for producing and sending out the necessary sound waves, one for receiving the reflected waves and making them audible by ringing bells and another apparatus for recording the amplitude of the waves. Here is his description of the apparatus he has invented:

"For producing the vibrations of waves I prefer to use a modified form of siren, the disk being rotated at a suitable speed by a motor of some kind, preferably an electric motor. I

great amplitude and power they are able to travel over great distances, and when they come in contact with a body the waves are reflected back to the ship in the same manner that sound would be reflected back, but this echo would not be audible to the human ear.

"I therefore provide an apparatus which might be considered as an artificial ear. It is provided with a large diaphragm tightly drawn over a drum-shaped cylinder, and so arranged that the atmospheric pressure is always the same on both sides, quite irrespective of any air blast. It is therefore always able to vibrate freely in response to the waves of the echo, and its vibrations are made to open and close certain electrical circuits which ring a series of bells of various sizes. If, for example, the object is very small or at a very great distance from the ship, a very small

instead of ringing a bell it produces a diagram of the disturbances in the air—that is, when there is no noise except that due to the action of the ship or the sea waves, a wavy line is produced, but whenever the vibrations sent out by the vibrator strike an object and return, the wavy line on the paper becomes very much increased in amplitude, so as to be easily observed, and the distance that the object is from the ship can be measured by the length of the paper strip between the giving off of the vibrations and the receiving of the echo; therefore, the distance can be determined with a considerable degree of neatness, and the size of the object may be determined by the amplitude of the waves that return.

The inventor says that the apparatus for producing the atmospheric vibrations should be placed well forward on the main deck of the ship or in any position where it can be turned about from port to starboard. It should be secured to the deck very firmly, and connected, by means of a three-inch pipe, with a high-pressure boiler. A straightaway valve should be placed in the pipe near the boiler, and some means should be found of preventing the accumulation of water in the pipe leading to the apparatus.

Except in foggy or stormy weather, the apparatus would be merely ornamental, of course, until it were used for communicating with other ships open and close certain electrical circuits which ring a series of bells of various sizes. If, for example, the object is very small or at a very great distance from the ship, a very small

THANKSGIVING VISIT TO UNCLE'S FARM

Mother, who went out to Uncle John's farm to pass Sunday before Thanksgiving day, telephoned Tuesday that she would not be home for Thanksgiving because one of the children was sick and Aunt Anna needed her.

"Why don't you run out for the day?" I asked father. "We can get on nicely here and perhaps I can invite somebody in to share our turkey."

"The difficulty is that I've already asked a guest," answered father. "Blakely is in town, and as I knew he'd be pretty lonely at a hotel, I told him that he must come up here Thursday, and now your mother's away."

Father looked so doleful that I felt sorry for him in spite of the fact that he had spoiled a plan of mine for Thanksgiving day. So I assured him that I would do my best to take mother's place.

"You needn't put on any extra frills for Blakely," said father. "He's the sort of man who likes good old-fashioned home cooking."

"I smiled at this, for I knew that Mr. Blakely lives at one of those exclusive New York clubs, where bachelors become more and more pampered and fastidious. I silently determined to have a dinner that would do credit to the family."

"You know, Lucille," said Cousin Fannie, when I told her that we then never like to have the edge of should begin the dinner with Coddle, oyster and bouillon, "that your father's appetite taken off by anything before the turkey."

"But," I replied, "I would be impossible to begin with turkey. Mr. Blakely would think himself in the buckwoods."

Cousin Fannie made no more objections to my plans, but she looked surprised when I said, having found her taking two pies out of the oven Wednesday afternoon, "Oh, we can't have pie! That's really a little too bucolic. A delicate dessert is much more appropriate after a heavy turkey dinner. I'd make that delicious creme brulee rewarmed with vanilla sauce which I used to eat so often in Paris. Luckily I have a recipe for it."

As we sat down to the Thanksgiving dinner father said: "Now, Blakely, you won't find any of your fancy chowdah here. I knew you'd much prefer an old-fashioned dinner."

"Yes, indeed," agreed Mr. Blakely heartily, for of course he could say nothing else.

"What! Oysters?" exclaimed father. Then he looked at me again in surprise when Tilly brought in the soup, but I merely smiled. Then after he had carved the turkey was asked for the cranberry sauce.

"I thought you'd like this better," I said, pointing to the pretty pink ice Tilly was bringing in sherbet cups.

"Well, I never ate Thanksgiving turkey before without cranberry sauce," he said, trying to laugh, but looking rather grumpy.

"I'm sure the ice is very refreshing," said Mr. Blakely, pleasantly, but I was surprised to see him make a wry face after tasting it.

"Lucille, it's salty!" exclaimed father.

I suppose I must have dipped into the salt jar instead of the sugar keg when I mixed it for Tilly. It's stupid to have salt and sugar on the same shelf. I should think mother would arrange the pantry better.

Mr. Blakely laughed and told a story about a man at the club who, thinking his bouillon was ten, spoiled it with sugar and cream. Cousin Fannie appeared so amused by this ancient yarn that he was encouraged to tell others of equal date. So the dinner passed off pleasantly until Tilly brought in the cream rewarmed. Father looked at me so reproachfully that I said, "Now, daddy dear, I made this French dessert myself, and I shall be hurt if you don't like it."

With a martyred air father took a spoonful of it and Mr. Blakely began eating his at the same instant. To my astonishment they both gagged and choked. Had not father been so dreadfully angry it would have been almost laughable to see them so red in the face and with tears in their eyes.

"Good heavens, Lucille! This is the hottest stuff I ever got into my mouth," exclaimed father, as soon as he could speak. "It seems to be made of Jamaica ginger."

"Oh, Cousin Fannie," I cried, "you must have told me the wrong bottle when I asked you where the vanilla was. I asked you that too bad?"

"Too bad that we didn't have the regulation pumpkin and mince pies that I promised Mr. Blakely," broke in father, almost savagely.

"Miss Fannie, she baked some," spoke up Tilly, who never knew that she was not expected to join in the family conversation.

"By George, I'm glad of it," said father. "Bring them out, Tilly. Fannie, you're always on deck at the right moment. You have saved the day, my dear."

Cousin Fannie looked pleased and she drew pink when Mr. Blakely, with rather heavy-footed gallantry, asked her pointedly if she had ever read Patmore's "The Angel in the House." I should not have thought she would care for a compliment from a silly old bachelor like Mr. Blakely. He is not so interesting as I had at first thought him.

It seems to me that after all my trouble in getting up the dinner father might have shown some appreciation instead of saying, after our guest was gone: "Well, Lucille, we won't try to entertain company again when your mother's away."

Ancient Ophel Pottery

French savants carrying out extensive investigations in Jerusalem, on the southeastern slope of the Temple hill—the Ophel of Scripture—have discovered a number of very early tombs, some of which contained pottery considered to belong to the period of 3,000 B. C.

Uncle Pennywise says:

A great many couples surprise their friends by getting married. Now and then a couple surprise their friends by staying married.

Danger in Crabs.

Crabs, no matter how fresh they be, make some folks sick nearly every time they eat them. Still they take a chance on it every once in so often just the same. Crabs must be very fine eating and have a lovely taste as they are being munched and put into the pauches of the crab-eaters. Crabs will eat a dead horse, or rats, pigs, cats or dogs decaying in the ocean. Perhaps if the crabs were penned up and fed on the choicest of foods for some days, so as to get a few of the dirty germs out of them, as well as rid them of the filth they eat, then in a somewhat cleaner condition they might not, after being eaten, turn the insides wrong side out and inside outwards—both ways at the same time. Some foolish fellows feel highly insulted when told that they take a chance every time they eat crabs. Eat 'em and don't kick at the doctor bill.—Ex-change.

Nastly Caught.

An angler once missed his gold cigarette-case, and, being very much upset about it, but not being quite certain whether it had been lost or stolen, resolved not to mention the matter to a soul—not even to his wife. Two years had passed by when, on his happening to meet with a pectoral acquaintance by the riverside, the man astonished him by remarking:

"I say, did you find that cigarette-case you lost some time ago?"

"No," replied the angler to the more astonished inquirer; "but you did!"

Preserving Their Morals.

When the fuso blew out for the fifth time in five minutes the woman who, with her four small children, occupied the seat nearest the motorman, clammed for assistance in removing her brood to a seat in the rear of the car.

"You needn't go to all that trouble, madam," said an old gentleman reassuringly. "There is no danger. You are just as safe here as in any other part of the car."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," she said. "I want to get the children away some place where they can't hear the motorman."

Marking Keys.

If you have a number of keys in the stable, shed, henhouse and such buildings, that look and feel about alike, put wooden tags on them, with one notch for the stable, two notches for the henhouse, etc. You can tell at a glance, then, or by feeling them if it is dark, which key is the right one.

Heredity and School Marks.

A German educator has been making a statistical study of the relation between heredity and school marks, and from 354 cases in which he was able to get full school records, through three generations, he concludes that the connection is very close.

ANGRY FISH BITES ANGLER

Brooklyn Man, the Sufferer, Sends Head to Pasteur Institute, Fear- ing Rabies.

Whether a fish can have hydrophobia is a question that Fred Henry of Hancock street, Brooklyn, would like to have settled, and for that reason he has sent to the Pasteur Institute in New York the head of a pickerel that hit him at Swarts wood lake recently, says a Newton (N. J.) correspondent of the New York Press. Henry was fishing in a boat that was a trifle leaky and he took off his shoes and socks. His first catch was a pickerel weighing three pounds. When he yanked the fish it flopped around in the bottom of the boat in a lively fashion.

As Henry was balting up again he felt a sharp pain in one of his feet, and, looking down, saw that the pickerel had made a jump and fastened its teeth in his toe. He tried to kick the fish away, but the pickerel held on and Henry had to use the handle of his landing net to pry open the fish's jaws before he got free of it. The fish started to swell where the teeth had punctured it, and Henry became worried. He says he thinks it possible that the pickerel may have had hydrophobia and as a precautionary measure, he sent the head to the Pasteur Institute.

Robert Browning's Will.

Diligent search is being made at Florence, Italy, for the will of Robert Browning, son of the famous poet, but so far it has not been found. The fact that there apparently is no will is causing considerable gossip, as the property, of which there is a good deal, both in Asolo and Florence, will pass to his wife, who was Miss Coddington of New York and from whom he lived apart for years, owing to incompatibility of temper.

Browning's property in Florence included Cass Guidi, where he spent his childhood days. When his mother died, the property passed out of the family, and was acquired by him a few years ago.

Instead of liquid antiseptics, tablets and peroxide, for toilet and medicinal uses, many people prefer Paxine, which is cheaper and better. At drugists, 25¢ a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by the Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

The Likeness.

"This free pulling of teeth has some features in common with big social functions."

"What are they?"

"Charity hauls."

Much Grazing Ground Required.

It is computed that it takes twelve acres of land to graze one head of cattle on Texas range land.

Be thrifty on little things like bluing. Don't accept water for bluing. Ask for Red Cross Blue Bluing, the extra good value blue.

Norwegian Scientific Expedition.

A Norwegian expedition will study the natives, flora and fauna of almost unknown regions of northern and central Asia.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children

teething, sores in the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, eases wind colic, etc.

The palmist can read your future

VERY WELCOME NEWS.



ERUPTION LIKE PIMPLES

Watkins, Kan.—My child's scalp trouble became so bad that I was ashamed to have anyone see him. His head had a solid scab on it. He also had a terrible breaking out on his face which was gradually growing worse. The eruption was like pimples which developed into sores when he scratched, ed, which he did almost constantly. Baby would almost scratch himself raw.

"I had used several different kinds of salve, none of them helping in the least bit, when I saw the Cuticura advertisement in the paper and it made me think of the good results my sister had when she used it for her children. I had only used Cuticura Soap and Ointment about two weeks before I noticed that the sores were almost entirely gone, and it must have been a month or six weeks he was troubled before I began the treatment. He would get easy when I would put the Cuticura Ointment on him. Cuticura Soap and Ointment completely cured him and he has a clear complexion now." (Signed) Mrs. W. H. Hughes, Dec. 31, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."

Put Away Small Things.

Get rid of small wisdom and great wisdom will abide upon you. Put away goodness and you will be naturally good. A child does not learn to speak because taught by professors of the art, but because it lives among people who can themselves talk—Chuang Tzu.

A New Evil.

Husband—"So long as you went around to the polls to vote, why didn't you do it?" Enfranchised Wife—"Another lady was using the booth."

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

FINEST QUALITY LARGEST VARIETY

They meet every requirement for cleaning and polishing shoes of all kinds and colors.



GILT EDGE, the only ladies' shoe dressing that preserves the leather, brightens and colors, and children's boots and shoes without rubbing, 25¢. French Glass, 10¢. Baby Blue, for leather or tan shoes, 10¢. Star, for leather, 10¢. All three sizes, same price. If your dealer does not keep a stock, send us the price to stamp for a full size package.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.,
20-22 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.

The Methodist Conference made many changes in the ministers, so we have received a big shipment of

TRUNKS!

For their use and any one else who has to move. We sold most all the boys and girls who went to school and we had these trunks ready in, but they are here and at such prices that the minister will be glad they are going so the boy buy one.

Small cases and bags of all kinds from 50 cents to \$12.50.

The "swatseing" of Helens Richel is nothing compared to the awakening of the folks around this neck of the woods to the values we give, but also the merit of the merchandise is so superior to the average selling, and why shouldn't we, when we know our business and are not afraid to work? Are you working for something? We are and it's your trade, but we want it honestly."

Geo. H. Frank & Co.

Maysville's Foremost Clothiers.

PUBLIC LEDGER
MAYSVILLE, KY.

Purely Personal

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Nelson are at home after an outing at Park Lake.

Dr. Seulshury, District Chairman of the Bull Moosers, is in the city today.

Miss Mary Gilmore of Richmond, Va., is visiting Miss Bleasch O'Keefe.

Mr. Frank Hawcke and Dr. Roose Phillips are attending the State Fair at Louisville.

Mr. J. C. Walker, proprietor of Glen Springs, was a welcome visitor in the city this morning.

Misses Julia Piper and Judith Miller of New- port are visiting Miss Beulah Wallingford of East Second street.

Colonel E. A. Robles is on his annual vacation trip, but whether he has gone the deponent knoweth not.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Traxel are home from Louisville, where they attended the Bakers' Convention and the State Fair.

Mrs. W. W. Brock, one of our experienced and valuable City Missionaries, is again at her post, after a much needed rest.

Rev. Father W. B. Ryan of West Covington and Rev. Father J. P. Cavanaugh of Mayslick were guests of Rev. Father Jones Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy C. Pierce and family of Dayton, Ky., spent a week with Mr. and Mrs. Alfred M. Sutton and family at Murfreesboro.

Hon. W. H. Cox left yesterday morning for Winnipeg, Canada, to attend the annual meeting of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F.

Mr. C. B. Shelton and two interesting sons, Altman and DeLoe, of East Third street, attended the Fair at West Union, Ohio, yesterday.

Mr. Frank P. O'Donnell and son, John Francis, after an extended sojourn in the distant West have returned to their home in Forest avenue.

Mrs. Margaret Gleason of East Second street left this morning for a several week visit with relatives and friends in Covington, Dayton, Cincinnati and New Richmond.

Miss Elizabeth Peed, daughter of Mrs. Anna Peed of Fourth street, and Miss Ruth Norris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Norris of Fairview, have entered Millersburg Female College.

Mrs. Herman Well and daughter, who have just returned from a summer tour in Europe will arrive in Maysville this afternoon for a visit to her sister, Mrs. A. Lewis Merz in East Second street.

Latest News

Col. W. P. Walton is to be campaign press agent of the Democratic State Committee.

The remains of Mrs. John R. McLean will be placed in the McLean mausoleum in Rock Creek Cemetery at Washington today.

CHURCH NOTES

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m., J. B. Wood Superintendent.

Preaching at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor at 6:45 p. m. The public is cordially invited and will be warmly welcomed to these services.

REV. R. L. BENN, Pastor.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m., A. M. J. Cochran, Superintendent.

Preaching at 10:45 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. The service at eight o'clock in time for Dr. Tracy's lecture at Third Street M. E. Church. Christian Endeavor at 6:45 p. m.

Prayer Meeting Thursday night at 7 p. m. Every one cordially invited.

REV. JOHN BARBOUR, Pastor.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH. Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m.

Preaching at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Morning subject: "The Secret of Pentecost;" evening subject: "The Man in His Glory." Our meeting will begin the first Sunday in October and all the members are urged to be present at both services Sunday. In order to be in the proper condition for the meeting, the pastor will preach each night the last week in this month.

REV. J. H. FIELDING, Rector.

FIRST M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH. Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m.

Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

You are cordially invited to all of these services.

REV. M. S. CLARK, Pastor.

THIRD STREET M. E. CHURCH. Services tomorrow as follows:

Rev. W. W. Shepard, the newly-appointed pastor, will preach tomorrow at 10:45 a. m. All members urged to be present to greet the new pastor.

There will be a usual temperance service at 7:30 p. m., under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., with Dr. Tracy as speaker.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m., I. M. Lane, Superintendent.

Epworth League at 6:45 p. m. led by J. H. Richardson.

There will be a very important meeting of the Board Monday evening.

A most cordial invitation is given by the Pastor and congregation to every one to attend all these services.

REV. W. W. SHEPARD, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Sunday-school at 9:15 a. m., J. W. Bradner Superintendent. Men's Class meets in the Sunday-school room at this hour. A cordial invitation is given to the men of the Church to attend this class.

Service at 10:45 a. m. and 7 p. m.

Christian Endeavor 6:45 p. m., J. T. Kackley, President. All of the members urged to be present.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7 p. m.

A welcome awaits those attending these meetings.

REV. ROGER L. CLARK, Pastor.

There will be an fair held at Mt. Olivet this year.

THE JAP WAY

Count Nagi, Supreme Military Councillor of the Empire and Wife Killed Themselves

TORIO, September 13th.—General Count Maruaku Nagi, Supreme Military Councillor of the Empire, and his wife committed suicide tonight in accordance with the ancient Japanese custom as a final tribute to their departed Emperor and friend, Mutsuhito. The death by their own hand of the General and his wife was as dramatic as it was sad.

The General cut his throat with a short sword and the Countess committed harakiri.

JOHN CABLISH,

Former Resident of This City, Passes Away at His Home in Charleston, West Virginia

Daily Bulletin.

Mr. John Cablish, a former resident of this city, and a brother of Mr. Jacob Cablish, the East End grocer, died Thursday night at his home in Charleston, W. Va., of the infirmities of old age, he being in his seventy-third year.

Mr. Cablish was in the bakery and confectionery business here in the early seventies, afterwards moving to Angusta, where he conducted a similar establishment for many years before going to Charleston, where he soon became one of the largest ice cream, bakery and confectionery concern in that city.

Mr. Cablish married Miss Lena Traxel of this city, who died several years ago. Eight children, all of Charleston, survive, as follows: Misses Emma, Marie, Mess; William, Louis, John, Charles and George.

CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m.

Morning service at 10:45 a. m.

Evesing service at 7:00 p. m.

The Rev. C. E. Whees of Griffin, Ga., will preach this morning. Subject: "The Layman in the Church." The Rector will preach the evening on "Feeding the Multitude."

All seats free at all services.

REV. J. H. FIELDING, Rector.

FIRST M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m.

Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

You are cordially invited to all of these services.

REV. M. S. CLARK, Pastor.

THIRD STREET M. E. CHURCH.

Services tomorrow as follows:

Rev. W. W. Shepard, the newly-appointed pastor, will preach tomorrow at 10:45 a. m. All members urged to be present to greet the new pastor.

There will be a usual temperance service at 7:30 p. m., under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., with Dr. Tracy as speaker.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m., I. M. Lane, Superintendent.

Epworth League at 6:45 p. m. led by J. H. Richardson.

There will be a very important meeting of the Board Monday evening.

Persons calling for these letters will please say that they are advertised.

CLARENCE MATHEWS, Postmaster.

REV. W. W. SHEPARD, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

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REV. ROGER L. CLARK, Pastor.

Circuit Court has adjourned until Monday morning.

J. T. Manning of Ogdon will harvest three or four crops of alfalfa off the same field this season.

MURDERED BY HAZERS

Student of North Carolina State University Gashes Neck on Broken Pitcher

RALPH, N. C., September 13th.—William Read, a Freshman at the State University, was killed today while being beaten by Sophomores. Read, perched on a barrel and surrounded by his tormentors, fell off and gashed his neck on a broken pitcher. He died soon after.

BASEBALL RESULTS

TERRESTRIAL'S GAMES, National League.

New York 8, St. Louis 2. Chicago 3, Boston 2. Cincinnati 5, Brooklyn 4. Pittsburgh 10, Philadelphia 5. Boston 8, St. Louis 5.

American League.

Detroit 9, Washington 2. New York 0, Chicago 2. Cleveland 10, Philadelphia 2. Boston 8, St. Louis 2.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Indianapolis 3, Columbus 5. Louisville 11, Toledo 1. Louisville 3, Toledo 2. Milwaukee 5, Kansas City 2.

STANDING OF CLEARS.

Wins Losses Pct.

New York 91 40 .701

Chicago 81 50 .624

Pittsburgh 81 53 .605

Cincinnati 88 68 .580

Philadelphia 83 70 .474

St. Louis 83 79 .416

Brooklyn 80 81 .373

Boston 41 95 .308

RIVER NEWS.

The gage marks 11.9 and falling.

Our Colored Citizens.

Mr. Silas Marshall of East Fourth street has recovered from his recent illness and is again on duty at the Mod-1 Laundry.

A WOMAN'S APPEAL

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether in the joints, sciatica, lumbar, etc., etc., etc., etc., write to me for a home remedy which has repeatedly cured all of these tortures. She feels it a privilege to tell it to all sufferers FREE. Cure guaranteed to all who have been unable to cure themselves. The remedy is simple—no change of climate being necessary. The simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, removes the rheumatism, etc., etc. Write to me, for address Mrs. M. SUMMERS, Box 11, South Bend, Ind.

FOR SALE

Second-Hand Material of the Hall House

Sold by the Home Tobacco Company.

COUGHLIN & CO.

Daily

Meat Market!

W. A. Wood & Bro.

No. 220 Market Street

Phone 282. MAYSVILLE, KY.

(to Business 30 Years.)

WE PAY FOR

Green Beef Hides 12c

Veal Calves, No. 1 9c

Beef Tallow, No. 1 7c

Country Bacon 16c

Country Hams 18c

Country Shoulder 14c

RIVER NEWS.

We have